

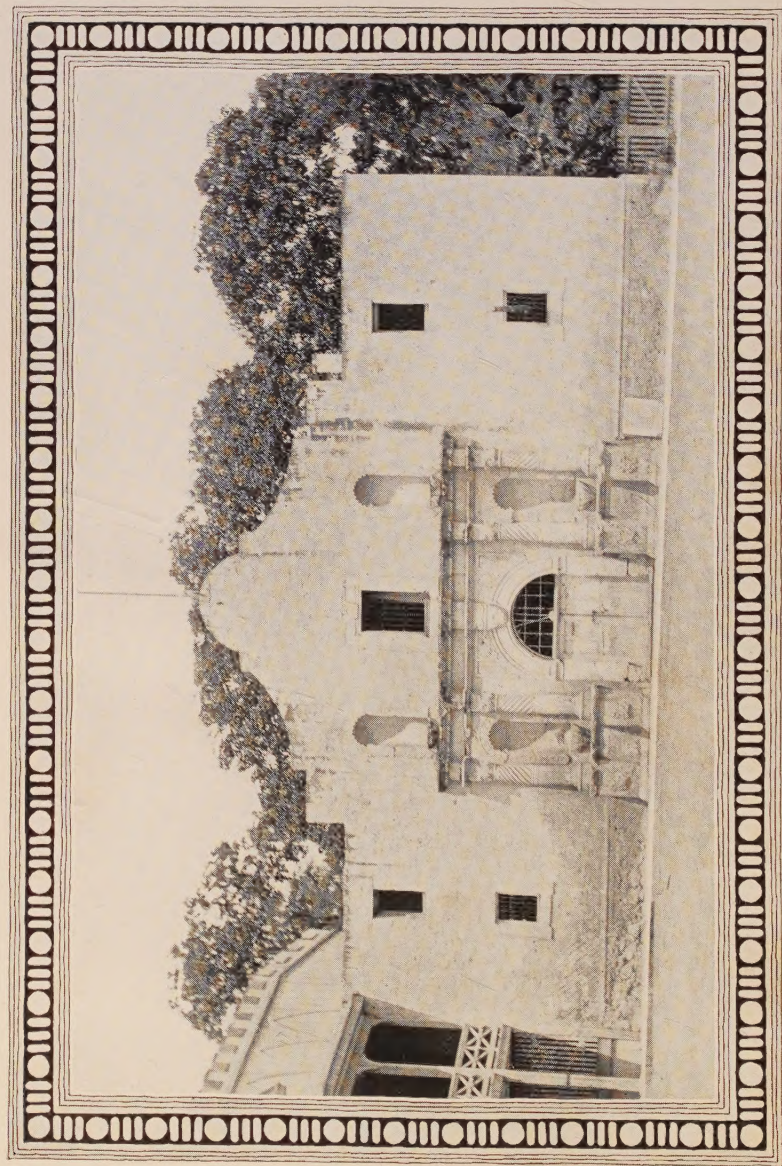
SKETCHES
OF
AMERICA
AND
AMERICANS



GEORGE I. HAIGHT



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THE ALAMO AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

SKETCHES
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BY
GEORGE I. HAIGHT

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Preface

THERE is no country whose story is more interesting than that of our own United States. To the student of history, America offers a most fertile field. Our annals ought to appeal deeply to all of our citizens. From a wider popular acquaintance with our past will come a better understanding of our institutions, a clearer idea of the rights and privileges of Americans and their foundation, a wider appreciation of the cost of the citizenship we enjoy, and a deeper conception of our duties in cherishing and preserving our inheritance.

In the American narratives, thousands of men and women appear who were leaders in great accomplishments. Some were partly or wholly appreciated by their contemporaries; many were not generally known or understood. Among all of these are multitudes of heroes. In a country's heroes can be found the measure of that country's ideals. More than this, by a knowledge of heroes ideals can be created and stimulated.

To arouse, though only in small measure, an interest in the heroic and vital of America, these short essays are written. Their fields are very small. None is complete, either as biography or history. All relate to subjects and events that are widely known. If they command attention sufficient to induce further particular study by those to whom any element of novelty is presented, or by

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those to whom they serve only as small reminders of the greater fields from which they are drawn, they will have succeeded to the full limit of the author's purpose.

G. I. H.

*The story of the Alamo is of men
who, rather than yield to a tyrant,
fought valiantly under terrific odds
and died in defense of their natural
rights.*

The Alamo

"Then came Santa Anna; a crescent of flame!

Then the red escalade; then the fight hand to hand;
Such an unequal fight as never had name

Since the Persian hordes butchered that doomed Spartan band.

All day—all day and all night; and the morning? so slow,
Through the battle smoke mantling the Alamo.

"Now silence! Such silence! Two thousand lay dead

In a crescent outside! And within? Not a breath

Save the gasp of a woman, with gory gashed head,

All alone, all alone there, waiting for death;

And she but a nurse. Yet when shall we know

Another like this of the Alamo?"

—Joaquin Miller.

IN the heart of the city of San Antonio, Texas, an old mission lifts its scarified walls. "The Cottonwood" is the English translation of its present name. To the Spanish monks who built it two centuries ago it was known as the Mission of San de Valero. It was afterwards called, and is now known to every American, as "The Alamo."

It is approached along a busy street, where a part of the old enclosure wall is still standing. One passes through the door of the church as reverently as if called there by a profound religious appeal. Within is silence. The few casual visitors move noiselessly over the dirt and gravel floor. The sounds of clanging cars and the busy bustle of the street are unheard.

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Down the length of the building is the spot where once the chancel stood. How little need that it should be there now, for every stone is an altar in this great American shrine. To the left of the entrance stood the old doors, rudely carved of native oak. They yielded to the early zealots; the hands of Indians have piously touched them; they show the battering marks of Santa Anna's soldiers. Behind these stout old doors once a little band of stouter hearts had gloriously fought and died.

One enters the little room where in the early spring of 1836 James Bowie lay sick. The white walls that once had enclosed him arch over in proud silence. In the opposite room, he breathed out his soul with his deadly knife clutched in his hands and dead enemies piled about him. Here it was that Davy Crockett fell, his rifle, "Old Betsy," a gift from admirers in Philadelphia, with him. How many times had it in that immortal siege sent its hurtling death when gently pressed by the steady finger of its master!

Crossing the church again, there is found another thick-walled room, the old burial place of the priests. Many of their skeletons have been removed, but underneath the earthen floor is much of their dust, now trampled over by the curious multitude. An old font is cut here in one of the walls, but no holy water is now in it. The empty chalice remains as a memorial of the fingers that have touched its edge—fingers once held aloft when "dust to dust"

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was said, and now mingled with the soil beneath the visitors' feet.

The adjacent room has been, in turn, sacristy and munition magazine. Now it holds no cowl or surplice, no shot or powder.

In the body of the church the walls are hung with pictures and mementos. A letter of Davy Crockett, a picture of Bowie, and one of Sam Houston are there. An old cannon, pistol and rifles are among the trophies, but nowhere is to be found the silver mounted "Old Betsy." As far as is known, no hand ever pointed it again, no keen eye again looked along its barrel when Crockett's nerveless arm loosed its hold.

Near the front of the church the visitor is shown where Colonel Travis drew his dead line.

What a scene this pile once witnessed! What a story its bullet-spattered and cannon-scarred walls tell! "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat. The Alamo had none." Nevertheless, the story of its siege as it was gathered from mute memorials and from the lips of its defenders' enemies cannot be dimmed in the annals of heroic defenses.

The war of Texan independence was a successful struggle for the maintenance of those rights with which men are endowed by birth. At the invitation of Mexico, Americans had settled on the prairies of the province of Texas. These pioneers had come there on the understanding that they would enjoy all the rights guaranteed those within

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the confines of Mexico by the Constitution of 1824. Santa Anna, the usurper, had denied those rights. The men from the North were unhesitatingly ready to fight for their liberty. In the war that followed many heroic deeds were done, deeds that thrill us now in the recounting. The massacre at Goliad will never be forgotten. Men will always remember the Texan charge at San Jacinto. The battle, however, where every man fought to the last, the siege from which no American survived, has perhaps taken the greatest hold on the imagination of succeeding generations. Thus the name "Alamo" is now one for the conjuring of patriots and heroes. It brings to mind one of the richest memories of the American people.

The war commenced in a small battle at Gonzales, in October, 1835. Other minor engagements followed. In December Colonel Neill took the Alamo and the town. On February 11, 1836, Colonel Travis assumed command of the regulars. The volunteers elected James Bowie as their Colonel. The Mexican army gathered on the Rio Grande for the invasion of Texas. On February 24th Santa Anna's trained troops were advancing on the Alamo. Colonel Travis' appeals for help to the yet unorganized government of Texas had not been answered. A force of about one hundred and eighty Texans prepared to resist, to the last man, the threatened assault. Colonel Travis gave to those who desired to leave the opportunity while

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yet there was time, but, save one, all remained. As they stepped across the dead line drawn on the floor of the church, each man knew that he was consigning himself to the last sacrifice. What a picture for a painter! He who would draw it must depict no armor and waving plumes. No boasting knights must be shown. Upon the canvas will appear a little band of modest men, cool and unafraid; their hunting shirts of buckskin; their hands hardened with toil; their faces bronzed by the wind and sun; their weapons, rifles which they had borne from early youth. In their faces must appear the quiet light that reveals the steady, inner fire of American manhood.

The Mexican force has been variously estimated from fifteen hundred to six thousand. Santa Anna called upon Colonel Travis to surrender. His reply came from the cannon's mouth. The assault began. For many days it lasted. From every side were the enemy repulsed; the Mexican soldiers who looked over the outer wall saw briefly and then closed their eyes forever.

On the morning of Sunday, March 6, Santa Anna stormed the place. There were thousands against a handful. Hundreds of enemies paid final toll to the Texan marksmanship. Hundreds of others lay down with their wounds. Finally the doors gave way. The remaining defenders fought with sword and dagger. How the lightning played as steel met steel! How the two-edged knife of Bowie drank,

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and drank again, of the crimson flood! The massacre was completed. The price of freedom was paid. The Mexican General received it to the last vital drop. The Alamo's defense passed into history.

The following morning Houston, hurrying to the relief of Travis' command, dismounted as the sun was rising. He listened—as only a plainsman can listen—for the Alamo's signal gun. All was silence. Across the prairie came a message, borne by the spirits of heroes. It was remembered at San Jacinto. It will be remembered as long as America endures. True, the Alamo had no messenger of defeat. There was no defeat, but victory—the victory of men who knew how to die.

I stepped out into the May sunshine. In the yard of the old convent, in a star-shaped bed, the pansies were blooming, some with the blue of the sky, some white, and others of deep red, drunk from hallowed soil. Across the street, above the Federal building a flag floated. Its colors were those of the pansies. Its corner was sprinkled with stars.



WASHINGTON HOME, MOUNT VERNON

One of the very many useful observations that may be made upon the career of George Washington is that by a careful and thorough education he was prepared to successfully meet the great emergencies of his versatile life.

George Washington

"Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but one!"
—Lord Byron.

AT the foot of a slope leading down from the old Washington mansion at Mt. Vernon, Virginia, stands a simple vault of brick and stone. Within it is the marble-enclosed dust of the first Great American. About it are forest trees. Below it the great Potomac takes its seaward way. Before it, year after year, come multitudes to do reverence at this shrine, one of the most sacred in America.

In Westmoreland County, Virginia, George Washington was born, February 22nd, 1732. His father was Augustine Washington, a farmer. His mother was Mary Ball, Augustine Washington's second wife. By the first wife four children were born, one of them being Lawrence. By Mary Ball six were born, of whom George was the eldest.

The four-room house, the home of his earliest childhood, was the usual small and humble birth-place of greatness.

A few years after the coming of George, the fam-

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ily moved to the banks of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, where in 1743 Washington's father died.

Until the autumn of his fifteenth year, George attended "backwoods" schools. He studied diligently and played hard. He was proficient in mathematics, and he learned surveying. At thirteen years of age he prepared a code of one hundred ten precepts which guided him throughout life. Some are as follows:

"Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company."

"Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise."

"Let your recreations be manful, not sinful."

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

On leaving school, he went to live with his half-brother Lawrence. Lawrence was fourteen years his senior; he was well educated and had, in the war against Spain, served with the English under Admiral Vernon. From his father Lawrence had inherited a tract of land on the Potomac, which, in honor of his admiral, he named Mount Vernon. Not far distant was the home of William Fairfax, whose daughter Lawrence married. A relation of William, Lord Fairfax, arrived from England about the time George Washington came to live with his half-brother. Lord Fairfax was a well educated

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man, a graduate of Oxford. George saw much of the Fairfax family, both at their home and at Mt. Vernon. At Mt. Vernon there resided, too, Adjutant Muse, a military tactician of skill, who had served with Lawrence in England's West India campaign. Also, there came to Mt. Vernon another companion in arms of Lawrence, one Jacob Van Braam. He was a great swordsman.

During the few years that George resided with his half-brother, he surveyed for Lord Fairfax in the Alleghanies. At fifteen schooling in the backwoods was finished, but at Mt. Vernon George Washington entered and attended one of the greatest universities that has ever been set upon American soil. He was the only student. The faculty numbered five,—the two Fairfaxes, Lawrence, Muse and Van Braam. From the literary Lord Fairfax, who in England had written for *The Spectator*, and now past middle life, the student must have gained much. By the well educated, widely experienced Lawrence, were large contributions to George's training made. Van Braam taught thoroughly the swordsman's art. With books, drills and oral instruction, Muse laid deep the foundation of military genius.

Washington was fond of sports. He was an excellent wrestler and a fine horseman, and to these gifts he added his training in the Alleghany forests, where woodcraft was learned and a wide acquaintance with the Indians gained. In all his study,

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training and exercise, Washington was diligent and earnest, and, too, he highly trained his powers of observation.

In the fall of 1751 Lawrence visited the Barbadoes in quest of health. George accompanied him. The trip was unavailing, as Lawrence died the following spring, shortly after his return to Mt. Vernon. Upon this trip Washington's diary shows his power as an observer and his interest in everything he saw—the soil, the crops, the people and the imports and exports. While in the Barbadoes, Washington was ill with smallpox. This the diary records.

George Washington was not an accident. He was highly trained for the great work that came to him. His versatility and his sureness were the products of educating toil. To Lawrence Washington, as well as to George, are we indebted, for through Lawrence George gained the opportunity for an education, an opportunity which now is so easily open to all.

Of no man in history have we more accurate knowledge than of our first President. Nearly everything he wrote, from his precepts when thirteen years of age, to his will, which he himself penned, has been preserved. A study of his life shows always that the steady unfolding of his powers came through no magic formula. His growth was inspired by diligence.

It is no wonder that on the mission to the French,

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above the Ohio River, Governor Dinwiddie sent George Washington, Virginia's best equipped representative for such an undertaking.

Trained as he was, it is not surprising that at the battle of Great Meadows, Washington was in command. At the battle of the Monongahela, no one less prepared than he could have used the Virginia troops to save the remnants of Braddock's army, shattered under the fierce Indian ambush attack.

He was fitted for membership in the Virginia House of Burgesses and was sent there to serve. When the Revolution came, to him, because he was best prepared, the Continental Congress turned for its military commander. The stupendous difficulties of his undertaking are now beyond complete appreciation. One of lesser early preparation than he could neither have endured or solved them. His troubles, his defeats, his triumphs are suggested by the names Long Island, Harlem Heights, White Plains, Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown, Valley Forge, Arnold and Yorktown. Did not Muse's instruction bear fruit in the masterly retreat through New Jersey in 1776, and the rapid movement that hemmed in Cornwallis in 1781? These two accomplishments alone place Washington among the greatest generals of history.

At the close of the war he devoted himself to farming. With great foresight he carefully planned the linking of the East and West by joining the headwaters of the Potomac and the Ohio rivers.

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In farming he had been trained in his childhood; of the possibilities for internal navigation he had learned as a youthful surveyor.

He was made a delegate to the Constitutional Convention, and became its President. His early studies had sufficiently begun his preparation for this duty. He was able to reconcile the views of Hamilton and those of the Jeffersonian school. The contributions of the great thinkers of that Convention, who had gleaned much from experience and from history were, by Washington's careful judgment, stripped of their dross and from the remaining pure gold was the Constitution fashioned. Soldier, student, farmer, patriot, statesman—he was ready for the great office of President of the United States. How faithfully and well he served, all know. At the close of his second term he gave to his country the immortal Farewell Address. Of its many expressions of wisdom we quote but that one which points out the necessity for education in a government such as ours: "Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

This truth as to governments is also applicable to individuals. No American life illustrates better than does George Washington's the value of a general education. To the great contributions made by

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his parents and by his early schoolmasters, Mr. Hobby and Mr. Williams, to George Washington, the child, were added the vast ones of Lawrence Washington, the Fairfaxes, Muse and Van Braam, to George Washington, the youth. Through his training he became a well rounded, versatile, useful man, one ever ready to serve when the call for service should come. It is not surprising that he became the "Father of his Country." It is not strange that his life is known to, and studied by, all the earth's peoples. It is natural that ever pilgrimages shall be made to his tomb, there to learn at this appropriately simple shrine, that the mother of genius is toil.



PLYMOUTH ROCK

*For principle the Pilgrims dared,
with courage they came, by faith they
endured and through toil they won.*

Plymouth Rock

"The Pilgrim Spirit has not fled;
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And still guard this ice-bound shore,
'Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more."

—John Pierpont.

ON September 16, 1620, a small schooner, in command of a pirate captain, set sail from England. Her Pilgrim passengers thought they were bound for the vicinity of the mouth of the Hudson River, America. Captain Jones, in conspiracy with certain British nobles, intended, however, to land them in New England. How fortunate were the circumstances that led to the Mayflower's voyage! How happy the conspiracy that took them to where Cape Cod reaches like a giant arm into the Atlantic, waiting to receive within its curve the little bark that was to infuse life and strength into the whole continental body.

Under a canopy of stone, beyond the reach of the waves that once beat against it, lays Plymouth Rock. It is about six feet long, three feet wide and three feet high. On its face are cut the figures 1620. Daily, year after year, visitors look upon it. Here, one chill December's day, came a little band of Pilgrims. On the slope of the hill behind it,

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they built their rude houses. In the two decades that followed the planting of their colony, about twenty thousand English men and women made their perilous way across the Atlantic to this and other settlements in the wilderness of New England. Then for a long time immigration almost ceased. To-day, descendants from this original stock are found in all the forty-eight states of the Union. They have wielded, and still wield, a vast influence in American life. It is, therefore, not surprising that of these first settlers much inquiry has been made, whole libraries written, many relics preserved, and that the place of their landing has, through three centuries, been a shrine for their beneficiaries.

Advantageous changes in the history of the world have sometimes come from doctrinal religious disputes. No sooner had the Church of England been established, than controversies arose within it as to the powers of Church dignitaries and the ceremonials of Christian worship. One faction believed in lodging great power in the prelates and in elaborate services, the other in a curbing of that power and in simple worship.

A congregation of the latter faction was formed at Scrooby. To them came maltreatment, persecution and lodgment in prison cells. With much difficulty, a group of them escaped to Amsterdam, Holland. There they found much religious altercation. From this they fled to Leyden. Following

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about twelve years' residence there, they determined to seek out a spot free from the arguments of dogma. They, with the rest of Europe, had heard much of America. Thence they determined to go, to enjoy civil liberty and to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences.

To this end, two of their number, Robert Cushman and John Carver, went to England to arrange with the Virginia Company for a grant of land. This they finally secured, but the Pilgrims never reached it; chance and fate had destined for them a bleaker home. A group of English adventurers financed the undertaking, upon an agreement to divide with the Pilgrims the profits it was thought would be secured through "trade, traffic, trucking, working and fishing" in the New World. These arrangements completed, a small sailing craft, the *Speedwell*, was provided to take the colonists from Delft-Haven, the port of Leyden, to England, whence it, together with a larger ship, the *Mayflower*, was to convey them and some of the Pilgrims resident in England to "North Virginia."

From Southampton the two vessels put to sea. Twice were they driven back by storms. The captain of the *Speedwell* then refused again to venture because of the alleged unseaworthiness of his ship. Many of its passengers were transferred to the already crowded *Mayflower*. This historic vessel was probably about ninety feet long, with about a twenty-four foot beam. Her stem and stern were

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high. It is likely she had three masts and was rigged like other ships of her day. She carried at least two boats—one a shallop, about thirty feet long, which was cut in two for stowing, and a skiff. How brave were they who ventured in such a tiny craft! The Sparrow-Hawk, which, after its crossing in 1626, was wrecked on Cape Cod, was barely forty feet in length. Its skeleton may now be seen in the Pilgrims' Hall at Plymouth, Massachusetts.

The passengers numbered one hundred and two, the crew probably twenty or twenty-five. Who were these intrepid souls who left the habitations of their kind to find civil and religious freedom in toil and struggle upon the rocky coast of the vast continental wilderness? For such an undertaking should we expect doughty knights with burnished arms, or men of courtly graces who would do and dare, far from the plaudits of the multitude? Should we hope for men who measure rank in velvets and plumes, and in the habiliments of ease? These we neither expect nor find. Rather we find John Carver, a merchant of sixty years, his wife and six helpers ranging in age from sixteen to twenty-seven years; Elder Brewster, a printer, his wife, two children and two bound boys; Edward Winslow, a printer, his wife and three young servants; William Bradford, a silk worker, and his wife; Doctor Samuel Fuller, a physician, and William Batten, his assistant; Isaac Allerton, a tailor, his wife, three children and a servant; Captain Miles Standish, a

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soldier, and his wife; Christopher Martin, a tradesman, his wife and two servants; William White, a wool carder, his wife, one child and two servants; William Mullins, his wife, two children and one servant; Richard Warren, a farmer; Stephen Hopkins, occupation unknown, his wife, three children and two servants; John Crackstone and his son; Edward Tilley, a silk worker, his wife and two infant cousins; John Tilley, a silk worker, his wife and daughter; Francis Cooke, a wool carder and his son; James Chilton, his wife and daughter; Thomas Rogers, a merchant, and his son; Degory Priest, a hatter; John Rigdale and wife; Edward Fuller, his wife and son; Thomas Tinker, a wood sawyer, his wife and son; John Turner, a merchant, and two sons; Francis Eaton, a carpenter, his wife and son; Gilbert Winslow, a carpenter; John Alden, a cooper; Peter Browne, a mechanic; John Billington, his wife and two sons; Moses Fletcher, a blacksmith; Thomas Williams; John Goodman, a linen weaver; Edward Margeson; Richard Britteredge; Richard Clarke; Richard Gardiner; John Alderton; Thomas English; William Trevore; and Ely—first name unknown—the last four being seamen. Some of the married men who were unaccompanied by their wives and families were joined by them in America later. Oceanus Hopkins was born on the voyage and Peregrine White was born in Provincetown harbor. Counting these two, the total passenger list is one hundred and four.

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sessed charts, made by the many explorers of this region, did not keep to the deep water course but took the ship among the shoals off Monomoy. After some difficulty, he put back for Cape Cod Bay.

The season was late, and apparently there was no practical alternative to landing upon the New England coast. Some of the passengers were dissatisfied with the abandonment of the plan to proceed. With this as the immediately inducing cause, the famous Compact was made which is now known as one of the great charters of human liberty. How often it is that through dissatisfaction is advancement made, and how, too, the complaints of a few, whether just or unjust, are helpful to the many!

What a scene was presented by this meeting of the adult male passengers in the cabin of the Mayflower! Here they covenanted "to combine ourselves together into a civill body politick for our better ordering and preservation," and also agreed "to enacte, constitute, and frame such just and equall lawes, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete and convenient for ye generall good of ye Colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience." Here were not scholars or students of institutions; here was no delving into the ruins of the past to find the materials upon which to found solid governments. This was the conception of artisans and workmen—of a few farmers, weavers, coopers, merchants, carpenters, black-

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smiths and others who worked with their hands. From the caverns of their brains came that most sound and natural thought that among themselves would they frame and enact justly the laws of the society which they constituted. To the laws thus made they promised obedience. The compact signed, they elected John Carver their Governor for one year, and, shortly after, came to anchor in what is now known as Provincetown harbor, Cape Cod. A party then went ashore for wood. On the following day, Sunday, services were held aboard ship.

On Monday, the shallop was hauled ashore and repairs on it were begun. Many on this day went ashore. Two days later an exploring party, under the leadership of Captain Miles Standish, the only professional soldier of their number, landed. They proceeded southward upon the Cape as far as Pamet River. They saw some Indians. After two days' absence, the explorers returned with a supply of Indian corn, which they had taken from a cache.

On December 7, the shallop being ready, thirty-four of the party, including Captain Jones and some of the crew, went forth to explore. Upon their trip they visited the cache of corn and took about ten bushels—all that remained—and some beans for use as seed the following spring. About six months later they repaid to the Indians this enforced loan. On the sixteenth of the month, eighteen of the men, six of whom were of the officers or crew of the ship, proceeded in the shallop upon an extended explora-

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punishment; that anything taken by either party from the other should be restored; that if either party was unjustly warred upon, the other should give aid. For over half a century this treaty was strictly kept by both sides. It was broken in 1675 by Massasoit's successor, Philip.

Squanto was of great service to the Pilgrims. He taught them to fertilize their cornfields by putting a few herring in each hill.

Bradford's History relates, in reference to Squanto: "He directed them how to set their corn, where to take fish, and to procure other commodities, and was also their pilot to bring them to unknown places for their profit, and never left them till he died."

Welcomed by the red men, aided by them and living in peace with them for over fifty years augured well for the security of the New England settlers. The time was to come, however, when, instead of the voice of friendly greeting would be heard the piercing, savage war cry; when, instead of helpful instruction, would be seen, in the lurid glare of the burning cabin, the fatal gleam of the tomahawk and the vengeful flash of the scalping knife; when, in place of the white belt of the peace treaty, there should be yielded to the white man the red wampum which signified terrible war.

On April 15, the Mayflower departed for England. As she sailed away, uncomfortable though she had been, and perilous the outward journey, doubtless it was with a feeling of regret that the

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watchers on shore saw her masts fade below the horizon. She never came again, but other ships did. The first of many vessels to follow the Mayflower's voyage was the Fortune. This tiny craft anchored in Plymouth Bay November 19, 1621. Her passengers numbered thirty-five. A letter written by Edward Winslow was sent back by her, in which he said: "In this little time that a few of us have been here, we have built seven dwelling houses and four for the use of the plantation, and have made preparation for divers others. We set the last spring some twenty acres of Indian corn and sowed some six acres of barley and peas. Our corn did prove well, and, God be praised, we had a good increase of Indian corn."

When the harvest was gathered in the fall of 1621, the first Thanksgiving was held. A great feast was provided. Venison, wild turkey, wild duck and wild fowl of several other kinds were in great plenty. Many Indians attended. A very interesting painting of the scene hangs in Pilgrim Hall.

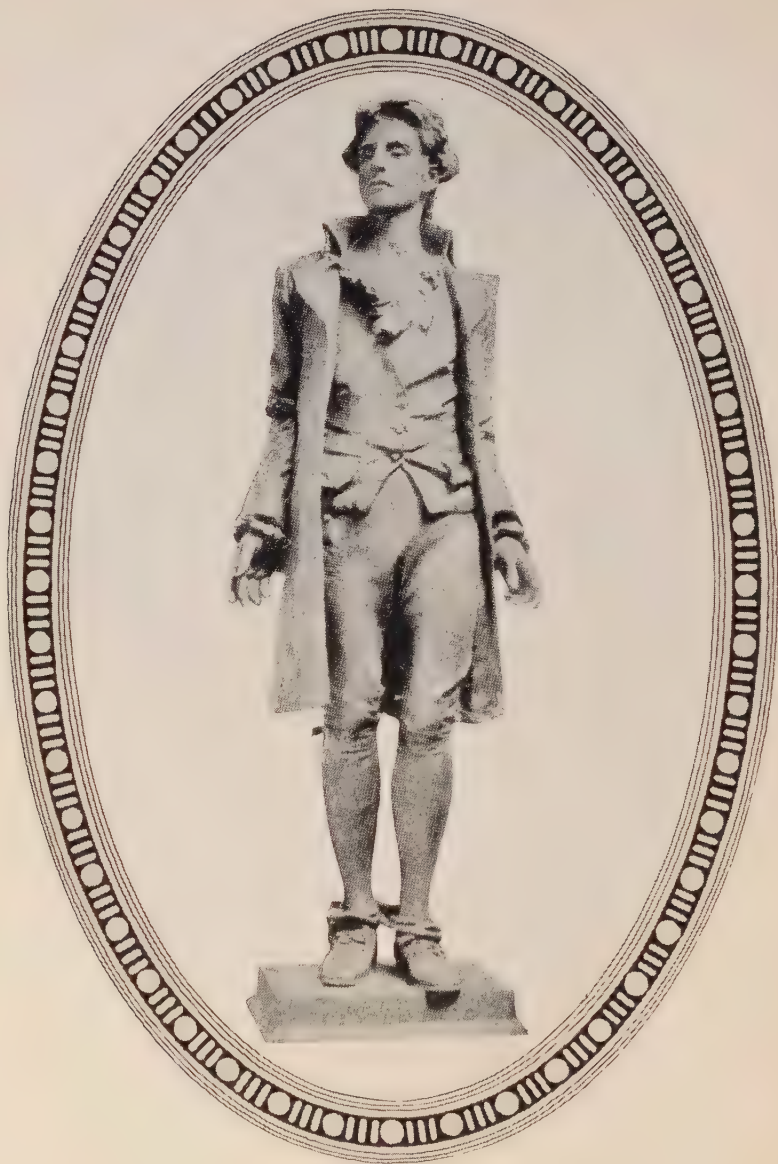
The Rock at Plymouth, the old burying-ground, the bay, Clark's Island, the monument and the collection at Pilgrim Hall bring to mind incident after incident in the story of this first New England settlement. Who can look upon the sword of Miles Standish, Persian made, of meteoric iron, without feeling a closer acquaintance with him whose hand once so confidently grasped it? The fragment of a Pilgrim's hoe tells its story, one oft repeated by

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the American pioneers in their westward march, of the struggle to plant and grow crops without plows, or harrows, or similar implements, or the animals to draw them. Here the story of Priscilla Mullins, of John Alden and "The Courtship of Miles Standish" comes more appealingly to the memory than ever before. Figure after figure in the great drama played by the little company that once came from overseas, here to lead useful lives, pass in review. We see their honest faces—earnest, but not austere or cold. We hear them talk of their God—not as a distant mystery freighted with awful possibilities for them, but as an ever-present force, friendly and kind. We see them at their work improving their shelter, weaving the materials for their clothing and tilling the grudging soil for the crops. We go with them to sea and watch them haul in their catch. With light fowling pieces we tramp with them to marshes or venture upon the bays where wild fowl are plentiful and unscared. Upon the hills we find the great wild turkeys, their bronzed plumage brilliant in the autumn sun. In the copses the red deer run. We see them far removed from authority except their own, recognizing that wherever a group of humans is gathered rules of conduct must be established and observed. How simply and naturally the democratic idea takes hold! How logically they provide the machinery of government! We see institutions in their beginnings and realize that from this simple but effec-

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tive inception came at last the Constitution of the United States. They were just plain folks, folks that suffered, loved, struggled, enjoyed, thought and toiled. Centuries have passed since their animated bodies became dust, and monuments to them have value only for the living. None can be so sufficient, or so suggestive, of the Mayflower Pilgrims as the simple stone, which to all the earth is known as "Plymouth Rock."



THE NATHAN HALE STATUE, ERECTED BY THE SOCIETY
OF THE SONS OF THE REVOLUTION, CITY HALL
PARK, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1893

*The story of Nathan Hale is one of
unmurmuring devotion to duty.*

NATHAN HALE

Clark and Cody on the plains and in the mountains of the West. How much courageous character is suggested by the names of Washington, Stark, Green, Allen, Morgan, Lee, Jackson, Grant, Custer and thousands of others who have lived as true Americans.

Of all the stories of the heroic in American life, none is more touching than that of Nathan Hale. A statue of him is erected on the campus of his alma mater, its bronze silence speaking eloquently to the generations of Yale students who have paused before it. In City Hall Park, New York, is another statue of him, standing as he stood in his last moments. The garb is that of a school-master; his arms and ankles are bound; his neck is bared for the noose which the inhuman Cunningham has prepared. It was here on this island of Manahatta that Nathan Hale, by means that generally are for the ignominious, gloriously died.

He was a spy, but a spy in a great cause. He was a soldier, the soldier of a worthy country. He was obeying the instructions of his General, George Washington, of the Continental Army.

Nathan Hale was born in Connecticut in 1755. Of his youth little is known except that he was a handsome, winning boy of considerable athletic prowess. He entered Yale College. Upon graduation he taught school at New London, preparatory to entering the ministry. Then came the news of the "embattled farmers" at Concord and Lexington.

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At once he enlisted. He was a lieutenant at the siege of Boston, and soon afterwards was promoted to a captaincy.

After the British evacuation of Boston he went with Washington's army to New York. Then came the defeat at Long Island, the narrow escape of the American forces and the withdrawal to Harlem Heights. General Washington, with his army depleted to less than fifteen hundred men, and almost overwhelmed by disasters, was facing Lord Howe's highly-trained force, numbering about twenty-five thousand. The American commander felt it imperative to know the stations of the enemy troops, their numbers, their equipment and their plans. Though a desperate adventure, to send a spy through the British lines offered the only chance. Those who were thought to possess sufficient courage were sought. All declined until request was made of Captain Hale.

Proofs of his daring were not wanting. Once he had led a few companions in an enterprise of great risk. In a rowboat under cover of night they had made way to a British vessel, boarded it, imprisoned the crew and under the guns of an enemy man-of-war had brought it to wharf.

Washington personally gave Hale the instructions for his dangerous mission. From Harlem Heights he journeyed to Norwalk, where he exchanged his uniform for the habiliments of a schoolmaster. One night a vessel took him across Long

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Island Sound to Huntington Bay, where he entered the lines of the enemy. For two weeks he carefully gathered information in the British camps in and about Brooklyn and in New York. When done, he made his way back to Huntington. Here his character was discovered and his capture effected. The manner of his undoing is not known with certainty. It is thought that a relation of Tory affiliations made disclosure to a British naval officer. The spy walked to the water's edge, hoping to find a friendly boat. One approached, but when near up rose several enemy marines. Covered by their guns, he embarked. The officer in command took him to the man-of-war Halifax, where he was searched. Convicting sketches, plans and memoranda were discovered in his shoes. He was conveyed to New York City and taken before Lord Howe.

The American captain admitted his identity and his mission. The only regret expressed by him was his failure to report to his General.

Lord Howe sentenced the prisoner to be hanged the next morning, September 22, 1776. His jailer and executioner was William Cunningham, the Provost-Marshal of the British army in New York. Hale asked for pen, paper and a Bible. These were refused; later in the night, however, an officer of the guard procured them. Two letters were written, one to his mother and one to his betrothed. Their contents no one knows. From such a man, doubtless they were final messages of consolation, cour-

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age and love. As day came, Cunningham entered the prison cell. The condemned man handed him the two letters for delivery, but the brutal officer tore them to bits. The William Cunningham who did this, who refused to unloose the bound arms of his prisoner, who caused the unnecessary agonies of the captured colonists who came to his keeping and the horrors of the Sugar House prison, himself was later—unwept and dishonored—hung for his crimes.

As Nathan Hale stood that September morning unhesitatingly ready to pay the price which the rules of war demanded, the scoffing Cunningham, in placing the rope, asked him to make his dying confession. Then this young patriot uttered those words that all Americans ever since have known: "My only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country."

He was buried in New York City—where, no one knows. His dust has long since mingled with the native soil. His spirit still lives wherever pulses the heroic blood of America.



STATUE OF RED JACKET AT BUFFALO, N. Y.

*The advance of American pioneers
was made against the craftiest and
ablest savages the world has ever
known.*

Red Jacket

"Oh, chequered train of years, farewell!
With all thy strifes and hopes and fears!
Yet with us let thy memories dwell,
To warn and teach the coming years.

"And thou, the new-beginning age,
Warned by the past, and not in vain,
Write on a fairer, whiter page,
The record of thy happier reign."
—William Cullen Bryant.

ONE July morning in 1609, a band of sixty Algonquin and Huron Indians landed from their canoes where the promontory of Ticonderoga, or "meeting of waters," reaches into "Lake Iroquois" (as Lake Champlain was then called). After a night of hideous taunts and savage threats, they hurried to the attack of nearly two hundred Mohawk warriors. The weapons were the arrows and spears of the Stone Age. Appalled by the numbers of their opponents, the assailants called for help. From beneath the furs that covered them as they lay in canoes along the shore, three white men arose. Astonished by the presence of seemingly supernatural beings, the Mohawks paused. As they poised their arrows to shoot, two of the white men lifted their strange weapons. When the bell-shaped mouths belched forth their terrifying thunder, two Mohawk chiefs fell dead and a third was wounded.

Little did Champlain, the romantic French ex-

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plorer, know that his rashness would profoundly affect the history of the American continent.

The Mohawks were the most easterly tribe of the Iroquois Confederacy. Before the coming of white men the Iroquois had lived north of the St. Lawrence. Hochelega, the site of Montreal, was once one of their towns. By the fierce Adirondacks, a tribe of the Algonquin peoples, they had been driven southward to what is now the State of New York. Here they finally divided into five tribes, named the Senecas, the Cayugas, the Onondagas, the Oneidas and the Mohawks. The confederacy that they then formed is one of the most remarkable political organizations in the story of red men. They sought to induce their kin, the Hurons, some of the Eries and others of Iroquoian stock to join. None did, except the Tuscaroras; the rest, as well as the much more numerous Algonquins, composed of scores of great tribes, the Iroquois ever held in enmity.

It is supposed that the migration from Canada to New York occurred about 1350, that about a century later the confederacy was established, and that the Five Nations were joined by the Tuscaroras about 1712. The country that they inhabited stretched from the eastern end of Lake Erie to the valley of the Hudson. This territory was spoken of as the "Long House." The Onondagas were called the "Fathers of the Confederacy." At their principal village, not far from where Syracuse, New

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York, now is, the great council house was maintained, and in it the council fire was ever burning. The Mohawks were known as the "Eldest Brother," and the guardians of the eastern gate of the "Long House." The Oneidas were the "Heads"; the Cayugas, the "Youngest Brother"; and the Senecas, the "Watchmen of the Western Gate." The traditions of the origin of the "United People," as the Iroquois translated their confederate name, and the form and workings of their government are worthy of detailed study. It is here remarkable that, greatly outnumbered as they were by their Indian enemies, never were they overcome by other red men.

Champlain's killing of the two Mohawk chiefs gained for the French the deep enmity of the confederacy. While the Iroquois nation did not, on the coming of the white men, exceed twelve thousand souls, for a century and a half they held the arms of the French at bay. Because of their control of Lake Erie, the French missionaries, soldiers, traders and voyageurs on their westward journey were obliged to travel up the Ottawa River, and by the various water routes and portages make way to Georgian Bay and Lake Huron. By the Iroquois, more southerly routes and posts were denied the French. The Dutch and the English, as their successors, who gained the friendship of this most powerful association of Indians on the continent, ultimately achieved supremacy in the westward

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march along the southern shores of the Great Lakes and in the valley of the Ohio.

A people who could so vitally affect a continent's story must have had able leaders. Most of their principal men were great warriors. One of them, not famous as a warrior, never having won the right to wear the Eagle's feather, gained the sachemship of his people thru the power of his eloquence. Even among savages is the art of persuasion useful. Especially was this true of the Seneca Sagoyewatha, or, as he is better known, Red Jacket.

The American Indians produced many great orators. The imagery of men who live close to nature always appeals. But words and imagery are not the principal stuff of which orations are made. The orator must have a theme—one that is fed from his very soul, if he would speak with authority. This Red Jacket had. It was his implacable opposition to the civilization, the religion and the westward advance of white men. For his and future generations of red men he pleaded. The preservation of the Indian's home and his hunting grounds, as the Great Spirit had given them, was the theme that called up his greatest powers. Once he said: "We stand a small island in the bosom of the Great Waters. We are encircled. We are encompassed. The evil spirit rides upon the blast, and the waters are disturbed. They rise, they press upon us, and, the waves once settled over us, we disappear forever. Who then lives to mourn us? No one. What

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marks our extermination? Nothing. We are mingled with the common elements."

Sagoyewatha probably is the only great Indian leader who owed his sachemship entirely to his oratorical abilities. He was born on Seneca Lake, New York, in 1751, and named O-te-ti-ani, or "Always Ready." On coming to the sachemship, he was christened Sagoyewatha, which means, "He keeps them awake." In his youth he learned to track and to hunt. He was taught to observe and to reason. The bruise on a leaf, the bending of a twig, a disturbance in the moss or dust, and the thousands of things that to the untrained go unobserved, or are meaningless, to him, as to all Indians, told how, what, when, who, where and why. That white men could likewise develop their powers of observation in the wilderness is shown by Boone, who for years lived in "the dark and bloody ground" woodlands, depending for life upon his alertness and skill. Simon Kenton, whose life was one of the most romantic of the western pioneers, avoided or met successfully thousands of dangers through the use of the craft which was the Indian's educational curriculum. Then there were the Seviars, Robertsons, Steiners, Wetzels, Manskers and many other Indian fighters who lived where every bush had its threat of death, every tree lifted a possible shield for a savage enemy, and the pleasant sounds of the woodland might be the deceptive calls of skulking foes.

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In the veins of Sagoyewatha ran no chieftain's blood. His birth was lowly, even among the Indians. Fortunately, the red men recognized no royalty except that of performance; birth bestowed no honors except that greatest of all honors, an equal opportunity to succeed through effort.

As a young man he was fleet of foot. Among his people he was often employed as a runner to carry intelligence, which perhaps at times took him to the Great Council House in the land of the Onondagas. In the war of the American Revolution he served on the border as runner for British officers. By one of these he was given a scarlet jacket. He wore this, and a succession of others similar, throughout his life. From this circumstance he acquired the name by which he was most commonly known, "Red Jacket."

Though early taught the Indian's art of warfare, the first record of his appearance as a warrior is connected with the successful American invasion, under General Sullivan, of the Cayuga and Seneca country in 1779. Brant, the great Mohawk chief, charged Red Jacket with counselling the warriors to sue for an unfavorable peace. When the Seneca warrior Cornplanter determined to meet and fight General Sullivan's troops on the banks of Canandaigua Lake, some of the Indians, including Red Jacket, commenced a retreat. Cornplanter tried to prevent this withdrawal. His efforts to induce Red Jacket to fight were fruitless, and he charged the

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latter with cowardice. It is probable that the charge was true. Like the Roman orator Cicero, Red Jacket could persuade others to fight, but could not himself overcome the temptation to flee.

We next see Red Jacket at what is now Rome, New York, where the Indian treaty of Fort Stamoix was signed in 1784. Following the peace treaty of 1783 between Great Britain and the United States, the white settlers in New York, who had suffered much from Indian cruelties, demanded the expulsion of the Iroquois. Generals Washington and Schuyler opposed this extremity and advised that the friendship of these Indians, who had been misled by the British officers, should be won back by liberal treatment. To this end a council of the Chiefs of the Iroquois confederacy was held at Fort Stanwix. The principal representatives of the Six Nations were Cornplanter and Red Jacket. The United States was represented by three Commissioners. By this treaty the Indians surrendered much of the territory they had occupied in New York, retaining for themselves considerable strips of forest. The story of the further surrender of Indian land within a few years following is interesting in this, that opponent though he was of the white advance, on each purchase made of Seneca ground the name of Sagoyewatha appears upon the deed.

Red Jacket was an unusual Indian, in that he lacked in physical bravery. He became a sachem

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through his oratorical abilities. All Indians loved eloquence, and the Iroquois more than others. Because of this and his high intellectual powers his cowardice seems to have been overlooked. He has been called a demagogue; it is likely he was. He has been charged with treachery; perhaps the charge was true. Being overwhelmed by a superior race, he finally yielded in the sale of Indian lands. It is certain that in his inmost heart he felt that the white man's ways were not for the Indian; that the white man's religion should not supplant the Indian's, and that the forests and valleys teeming with game were intended by the Great Spirit for the Indian's possession, unchanged, forever. He saw his dreams fading, and with each season's dimming there crept into his soul a despair from which an eloquence can spring, as appealing as the eloquence of strife. The story of his life, of his many speeches, his negotiations with United States Commissioners, his trips to Philadelphia and to Washington, his service to the United States in the war of 1812, his meeting with LaFayette, his constant proud wearing of the silver medal given him by George Washington, his vanities, his personal charm, his drunkenness in later years, his removal from his chieftainship, his restoration, his despair and his death in 1830, is filled with interest. To recount these is not the purpose of this essay.

All who ever listened to him called him one of the greatest of orators. His speeches were made in his

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native tongue; such as have been preserved have come to us through interpreters, and in translation perhaps they have lost some of their original power. Certainly they have lost the commanding presence, the proud bearing, the flashing eye and the expressive face and body of the orator. Thus handicapped, read these sentences:

"There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children, because he loved them. If we had some disputes about our hunting ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends, and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request, and they sat down amongst us. We gave them corn and meat. They gave us poison in return.

"The white people, Brother, had now found our

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country. Tidings were carried back, and more came amongst us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land. They wanted our country. Our eyes were opened and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor amongst us. It was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands.

"Our seats were once large, and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us.

"Brother, continue to listen. You say you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind; and, if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right and we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given to us, and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers, the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to

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believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

"You say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree as you can all read the book?

"Brother, we do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers and has been handed down to us, their children. We worship in that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive, to love each other, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion.

"The Great Spirit has made us all, but he has made a great difference between his white and red children. He has given us different complexions and different customs. To you he has given the arts. To these he has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that he has given us a different religion according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for his children. We are satisfied.

"Brother, we do not wish to destroy your religion, or take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own.

"We are told that you have been preaching to the

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white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said."

These able and eloquent observations were made by Red Jacket at Buffalo Creek in 1805, in response to a missionary who was planning a station among the Senecas. The questions of the Indian should have been answered. The missionary did not try.

On another similar occasion Red Jacket said: "We do not worship the Great Spirit as the white men do, but we believe that forms of worship are indifferent to the Great Spirit; it is the offering of a sincere heart that pleases him, and we worship him in this manner."

A student of Red Jacket's life is struck with the thought that even a savage bereft of most of the qualities that make a savage great was able, through the keenness of his desire to become an orator, to so succeed that his abilities in the line of his choice placed him at the head of the greatest Indian government this Continent has known. An American may appropriately ask himself if the principal subject of Red Jacket's eloquence—opposition to the Westward advance of the whites—was morally well grounded. Whatever his answer may be, it must be accompanied by pity for the aborigines of this

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Continent. That natural pity will not, however, wipe from the imagination of one who knows his country's history the scenes of horror that often steeled the American pioneer against those who opposed his Westward way. In page after page of American annals, we see painted warriors skulking near the edge of the clearing waiting to glut their savage vengeance upon the lone settler and his family. When night falls, the tomahawk gleams in the light of the cabin's flame. The morning reveals the charred ruins of a home and the scalpless corpses of its occupants.

In the broad forests every glory of nature suggests a hidden foe waiting to deal his sudden death to the struggling traveler. We see the quick raids on the small settlement, the stout defense, and sometimes its breaking before the fierce horde. Then comes the swift slaying, the gory scalping knife and the taking of women to worse than death.

Again we can see captives on their weary marches to the Indian villages, the merciless running of the gauntlet, the tortures indescribable, and the burning at the stake amid the horrid dance of demons and fiendish laughter. Cruelty unspeakable! Suffering—how terrible!

In the darkest annals of mankind—among the most cunning tortures of the Inquisition—where can one look for a story of outrages that exceeds, in its ingenuity for inflicting pain, that of the assaults made by Indians in the forests of the East

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and on the plains of the West upon our American progenitors? Where in the record of a people can one find a history more heroic than that of those men and women who, undaunted by the fiercest and ablest savage fighters the world has ever known, made the settlers' march across this great continent?

Were the whites always kind and charitable to the red men? No, indeed! Sometimes they were grossly unjust, sometimes terrible in their punishment. Could human nature be expected to be calm and always fair when in the memory was seared forever a picture of the savage murder of parents or of a sweetheart or wife in the clutches of a dirty chieftain, or of children impaled, or of one or many of the thousand wrongs that white men suffered at the Indians' hands?

The noble qualities that Indians sometimes displayed should be remembered. The wonderful friendships that American annals here and there reveal between a red man and a white should not be forgotten. The acts of charity sprinkled in the story of this barbaric people should be preserved in our history. The wonderful myths of the red men, simple but eloquent, with their love of nature and their profound belief in the Great Spirit should be kept in memory. The passing of their earthly hunting grounds and the leaving only of the Happy one of their hereafter should not be overlooked. Mindful of all this we also should not forget that the Americans who toiled on toward the West fought

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the greatest fight against aboriginal inhabitants that the history of new settlements knows.

Would anyone now wish they might have lost? Could anyone argue that Columbus should not have sailed, that Jamestown should never have been, and that the Pilgrims should never have landed, and that the whole train of consequences that have followed should not have followed?

Sentimentalists may say that the Indians were here first, and that the continent was theirs. But they exercised no ownership, in the white man's sense of ownership. The portions of North America in their actual possession were small. Because they came here at some time long before the advent of white men, should the rest of the earth's population have forever held aloof and should the whole continent have remained a vast wilderness? Should the Mississippi Valley, often asserted to be capable of producing enough foodstuffs to feed the entire earth's population, have remained a feeding ground for the buffalo and the exclusive habitat—save for its wild animals—of the few Indian tribes who migrated within it?

Should the Indian have permitted the fields always to remain fallow and the minerals of the earth ever to be unused? Many will say "no"; but, however we answer, it is certain that every foot of American soil that any Indians ever claimed to own, whether they possessed it or not, whether they had the grant of any right to possess it or not, was

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bought, not as conquerors buy, but by purchasing Americans who paid therefor in full. Into the Indian lands have been put generations of toil by millions of men and women. Where the huts or wigwams of the Indians once stood are great cities teeming with useful human life. On the lakes where once danced his bark canoe, great vessels ply. Where once was heard the piercing war cry now rises the hum of industry and there flourish the useful arts. The Indians are scattered. Wars with them have long since ceased. Many of them are civilized. Men of Indian blood sit in the Senate of the United States. Even the Indians, as are all others, are richer, happier and better than through suffering and struggle the wilderness and deserts of America have come to blossom and yield vastly.

The Indian Sagoyewatha, tutored only by the wilderness, who hoped that his dust would never be enclosed in a white man's burial place, now sleeps in Forest Lawn Cemetery in Buffalo, New York, among thousands of his enemies. The implacable opponent of the white man's onward march now rests within a great city built by hands he would have stayed. Beside him is the dust of other great Indian leaders—Tall Peter, Little Billy, Captain Pollard, The Young King, Destroy Town and Deerfoot. Strange it is that beside him who thought that no red man could learn the ways of white men, are the ashes of the full blooded Seneca, General

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Ely S. Parker, who, in the Civil War served on the staff of General Grant. Above the dust of these aboriginal Americans stands a heroic bronze statue of Red Jacket. Its attitude is that of the orator, confident in himself and confident in his cause. On the pedestal beneath are engraven these words, once by him uttered:

“When I am gone and my warnings are no longer heeded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. * * * My heart fails me when I think of my people so soon to be scattered and forgotten.”

Red Jacket's dreams of an everlasting wilderness are buried with him. The white man has prevailed, not through “craft and avarice,” but through the cultivation of those virtues which are now the basis of our national life.



GEORGE ROGERS CLARK
(From the statue by Charles J. Mulligan, at Quincy, Illinois)

A little less than a century and a half ago a small band of armed frontiersmen, led by George Rogers Clark, took and held a territory in which is now the center of the population of the United States. How rapid was the westward movement when once begun!

George Rogers Clark

"What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the West;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams."
—William Cullen Bryant.

THE old Northwest Territory, from which was carved the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, has a most interesting history. About it clusters a group of names whose mention suggests intrepidity of soul and self sacrifice. Among the earliest of these are those of Jean Nicollet, LaSalle, Hennepin, Radisson, Du Luth, Marquette, Joliet, Tonty and other missionaries and explorers, who, in zeal for their Church or their King adventured far by land and water into the trackless wildernesses of the continental interior. Of each of them many heroic tales are preserved. From the time of Jean Nicollet's coming to Green Bay, on his quest for China, until the French and Indian War, such ownership as white men exercised in this vast area was French. Upon the conclusion of that war, for twelve years it was English territory, a part of the province of Quebec. The change to American ownership came suddenly, in a dramatic episode, the chief actor in which is entitled to the profound thanks of the generations that have followed.

On the evening of July 4th, 1778, the British gar-

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rison of the fort at Kaskaskia gave a ball. *The French Creoles of this little Illinois river settlement attended. The scene which the flaming torches revealed was one of backwoods gayety. In the midst of the revels a tall, blue-eyed stranger stepped quietly within the hall, and for a time leaned against the wall, unnoticed by the dancers. Calmly he stood, undisturbing and undisturbed. Suddenly an Indian yell rent the air. It came from a sharp-eyed savage who had been intently studying the bronzed face of the stranger. That single whoop of recognition marked the end of British power from the western limits of the struggling colonies to the Mississippi river. The stranger was George Rogers Clark, the bold leader of a little army that was then posted about the place.

He stepped forward and bade the dance go on, saying that now and henceforth they danced under the American and not under the British flag.

This account is published in Denny's "Memoir of Major Ebenezer Denny." An artist's representation of it is found in Lodge's "Story of the Revolution." In Clark's letter to George Mason of Virginia, written November 19, 1779, he makes no mention of the incident of the ball, but writes of the taking of Kaskaskia as follows: "I immediately divided my little army into two Divisions, ordered one to secure the Town, with the other I broke into the Fort, secured the Governour Mr. Rockblave, in 15 minutes had every Street secured, sent Runners

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through the Town ordering the People on the pane of Death to keep close to their Houses, which they observed and before daylight had the whole disarmed." He made a similar statement in his memoirs—probably written in 1791.

Whatever the details, certain it is that the English Commandant was made a prisoner; no resistance was offered; no blood was shed. Clark's work was well begun. His force of one hundred and fifty men invested the town. The terror of the French population turned to joy when the American leader offered to treat them as citizens of the United States.

The consequences of this drama were tremendous. Before considering them, let us look for a moment at its chief actor.

In the year 1752, in a little farm house situated about a mile from Monticello, Virginia, the home of Thomas Jefferson, George Rogers Clark was born. It is probable that in his youth for some months he and James Madison together attended the school of one Donald Robertson. Like many of the ambitious young men of his time, Clark became a surveyor. When nineteen years old, he journeyed westward on an expedition to the upper Ohio Valley. He finally built his cabin about twenty-five miles below Wheeling, near where Fish Creek enters the Ohio. There he grew a crop of corn, hunted, fished, and, as he wrote his brother Jonathan in 1773, received "a good deal of cash by surveying on this river." In 1774 the conflicts between the

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Indians and the few settlers who had ventured into the hunting grounds of Kentucky culminated in Lord Dunmore's War. In this Clark served under the famous Indian fighter and pioneer, Col. Cresap. In 1776 he went to Kentucky. A meeting of settlers held at Harrodsburg in June of that year chose Clark and one John Gabriel Jones to represent them in the Virginia legislature then in session at Williamsburg. The two delegates made their way through Cumberland Gap over Boone's Wilderness Road to Williamsburg, arriving after the legislature's adjournment. Through Governor Patrick Henry, Clark secured from the Executive Council of Virginia, for the Kentucky inhabitants, five hundred pounds of powder, which was delivered at Pittsburg. Thence it was taken down the Ohio River probably to a point near Manchester, Ohio, and hidden to await the gathering of a sufficient force to carry it to interior Kentucky points. While Clark was pushing on to Harrodsburg for this purpose, a Col. Todd arrived and provided Jones an escort. On their way from Licking Creek to the powder caches they were attacked and routed by Indians, Jones and two others being killed and several taken prisoners. From Harrodsburg, thirty men, among them Simon Kenton, started for the powder on January 2, 1777. They successfully obtained it. Small as this supply now seems, its importance was tremendous. Without this ammunition, it is probable that in the Indian border war-

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fare the Kentucky pioneers could not have survived.

In the French villages north of the Ohio, and then under British domination, the red men were frequently incited to gather their war parties for forays against the sparse Kentucky settlements. Clark determined to march against these principal posts. With such slight help as Patrick Henry, Virginia's Governor, could give Clark was enabled to equip a small army of pioneer riflemen for the audacious project. Under severe difficulties this band proceeded down the Ohio to its falls. Here Clark, with huts of logs, made the small beginnings of what afterward became Louisville, Kentucky. From Louisville, so named in honor of the French king with whom the American alliance had just been made, they marched first through forests and then over prairies, where buffalo still roamed. They traveled by night and hid by day, for the Indian allies of the British were abroad. Here no bands played—no fifes shrilled—no drums beat—no proud chargers pranced—no artillery rattled. There were none of the usual accompaniments of an invading army. At the head of the dauntless invaders the leader walked silently—a handsome youth was he, blue-eyed and with red-tinged hair. He was six feet tall, of powerful frame and fit in body and in mind to lead his rough unlettered followers. Most of them wore the usual seam-fringed buckskin leggins; their feet were moccasined. From shoulder to knee hung the long rudely ornamented and belted hunting shirt

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of deerskin. Their accouterments were a pouch for food and ammunition, a powder horn, a tomahawk, a scalping knife and a long barreled, small-bored flint-lock rifle. As the Kaskaskia garrison outnumbered the Americans, surprise tactics were required. On the afternoon of the second anniversary of the Declaration of Independence they waited in the woods beyond the outskirts of the village. Under cover of darkness they surrounded it. Then came the bloodless victory. The officers were captured, the garrison and townspeople disarmed, and by nightfall of July 5 the inhabitants had taken the oath of allegiance to the new Republic.

A Catholic priest, Pierre Gibault, asked if the church could be opened. Clark made reply that he had nothing to do with any church, save to defend it from insult.

A part of Clark's force then marched on Cahokia. The news of the events at Kaskaskia had preceded them. At Cahokia the French creoles became friendly to the Americans. The Indians, however, could not understand this sudden change of sentiment. In an effort to understand it, they came from far off. Representatives of all the tribes between the Mississippi and the Great Lakes gathered in great numbers at Cahokia.

There were many pow-wows. Some of the warriors tried to capture Clark. He acted promptly and decisively, and made the small group of offending redmen prisoners. Then calling a council

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

meeting in true Indian form, he released his prisoners. At the sullen gathering he offered a war belt to the savages. By his defiance and his eloquence, and through his intimate understanding of Indian character, the meeting closed in the acceptance by the warriors of a white belt and the making of a treaty of peace.

Hamilton, the British commandant at Detroit, had taken Vincennes, Indiana. Thence, in February, 1778, at the head of 170 men, many of them French creoles, drilled by the invading pioneers at Kaskaskia, went the redoubtable Clark. Through wet river bottoms and over prairies they struggled. They lived well on buffalo meat, bear, venison and turkey until they neared Vincennes. Then food became scarce and the way hard. The garrison at Vincennes—British, Indians and French—outnumbered Clark's command four to one. To the creole citizens of Vincennes he addressed the following letter:

"Gentlemen: Being now within two miles of your village with my army, determined to take your Fort this night, and not being willing to surprise you, I take this method to request such of you as are true citizens, and willing to enjoy the liberty I bring you, to remain still in your houses. And those, if any there be, that are friends to the King, will instantly repair to the fort, and join the HAIR-BUYER GENERAL, and fight like men. And if any such, as do not go to the Fort shall be discovered afterwards, they may

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depend on severe punishment. On the contrary, those that are true friends to liberty, may depend on being well treated. And I once more request them to keep out of the streets; for every one I find in arms on my arrival, I shall treat as an enemy."

It was read in the public square. As the sun was setting, the invading force marched up the street to the cheers of the mercurial inhabitants. When night fell, Clark attacked the fort. Until morning the siege lasted. Then came a pause while the Americans demanded of the "Hair Buyer," as they called the Indian incitor, Col. Hamilton, the unconditional surrender of his force. This was refused. The attack was continued. Soon the expertness of the American riflemen made the cannoneers leave their port holes. In the afternoon the English capitulated and the following morning the American flag was flying over Vincennes. Without artillery, against trained soldiers protected by a stockade fort and provided with cannon, the backwoodsmen with their long-barreled small-bore rifles had conquered. With American garrisons in Vincennes, Kaskaskia and Cahokia, the West was in actual occupation by the little Revolutionary army. For his sacrifices Clark's only timely reward was a sword presented by the legislature of Virginia. The consequence of his daring was that the vast country between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi was made American. In the treaty of peace which closed the Revolution,

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

the British recognized the American title, a title gained by the conquering force of George Rogers Clark.

Clark contemplated an expedition against Detroit and made various efforts to launch it. He was unable to procure the necessary means and it was never undertaken.

In May, 1780, Clark arrived at the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi to establish a post "for the conveniency of trade and other purposes." Five miles below the Ohio's mouth at the "Iron Banks" a fort was built and in honor of Clark's old neighbor and friend named "Fort Jefferson."

The Indian raids upon the frontier continued. The backwoodsmen met upon the Licking River to carry the war into the Indian country. Here they were joined by Clark under whose leadership over nine hundred riflemen marched to Chillicothe, the principal town of the Shawnees. The Indians had deserted the place. The invaders burned the town. Thence they proceeded to Piqua on the Little Miami, where, after some desultory fighting, the Indians, cowed and disheartened, retreated. During the remainder of the year, the red men did little damage. While the border warfare was to a degree renewed in 1781, conditions were more tolerable for the men of the West.

Clark's great work was finished at the conclusion of the Revolution. For many years and until his death in 1818 he lived in poverty near Louisville,

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Kentucky. He was buried in Cave Hill Cemetery at Louisville. But for him and his little army, Franklin and Jay could not have succeeded in gaining at the peace table Great Britain's recognition of our country's right to the Northwest Territory.

Among the many heroes whom the story of our country reveals, we never should forget the majestic figure of this man who through difficulties of great magnitude, and without personal reward, won against heavy odds the vast empire, from which has since been carved five of the great states of the American Union.

*How often have a few determined
men changed the history of the world?*

The Battle of Bennington

"For a cycle was closed and rounded,
A continent lost and won,
When Stark and his men went over
The earthworks at Bennington."

—W. H. Babcock.

THOUGH the most vital pages of history relate to peaceful accomplishments, in the entire record of man probably at least half of each century has been reddened by war. If the importance of mankind's battles were measured by the numbers engaged, Bennington would be small; but it is not numbers that determine a battle's rank. The fame of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans will survive forever. It is the results accomplished and the issues involved that determine the importance of conflicts. Thus judged, Bennington was one of the great battles of the world.

For many years Englishmen had struggled for their rights against the usurping British Crown. That governmental philosophy of oppression and folly—the divine right of kings—was asserted by George III. The King and the majority of the English Parliament overrode the protests of free-men. In America came revolt. In England, William Pitt, Edmund Burke, Charles Fox and other able men gave the Revolutionists staunch support in the House of Commons' debates.

In the colonies, beginning in April, 1775, war had

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been raging. At Concord was fired "the shot heard 'round the world." Then came the American repulse at Bunker Hill, the successful siege of Boston and the driving back of Putnam at Long Island. The succession of American defeats that followed and Washington's historic retreat through New Jersey were alleviated only by the later American victories at Princeton and Trenton.

The summer of 1777 was one of the darkest in the Revolutionary era. Then was prepared by the British government what it thought would be a final blow. Burgoyne, one of the ablest of the English Generals, was placed in command of a force of seven thousand men. These were to march from Canada down Lake Champlain to Albany, where an English force from New York would meet them. Thus New England was to be separated from the rest of the colonies and the cause of independence defeated. Among Burgoyne's troops were several thousand hired Hessians; he was accompanied, too, by many Indian warriors. The Indians had been enlisted principally through the influence of the famous Mohawk chief, Joseph Brant, who in London had been presented to the King. Brant promised George III the support of the redmen, and the entire Iroquois Confederacy had joined the British cause. While Burgoyne was marching down Lake Champlain, another British General, St. Leger, was leading his troops through western New York to crush the American settlements of the then Far

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West. The heroic work of the American General Herkimer and of General Benedict Arnold brought St. Leger's invasion to defeat and disaster. Burgoyne proceeded onward. The American continent had never before seen such a brilliant military array. The plumed British host seemed invincible. Along the eastern shore of Lake Champlain came the Hessian infantry and the German dragoons. Down the Western bank marched the British grenadiers. Between the glittering helmets on the one shore and the scarlet uniforms on the other the lake bore the British transports. Here, too, plied protecting gunboats. Hundreds of canoes carried the horde of redmen. Artillery, infantry, cavalry and Indians were steadily advancing on a mission dreadful to the colonists. Across the lake rang bugle calls. The mountains echoed the saluting artillery. Ever southward came the pulsing drums, the tramp of feet and the enshivering Indian war cries. Opposition was futile. Crown Point was quickly taken, then Ticonderoga—two years before conquered by Ethan Allen and his men—with many cannon, fell into the British hands. Seemingly, the onward march of this thoroughly-equipped army of highly-trained professional soldiers could not be stayed. It was the American hope to give battle before the invaders should reach Albany. General Schuyler sought—at first unsuccessfully—to gather sufficient troops to engage Burgoyne.

As the English army reached the southern end

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of Lake Champlain it was discovered that the Americans had a quantity of military stores and supplies at Bennington, Vermont. To seize them Burgoyne dispatched Colonel Baum and six hundred Hessians. The news of this expedition swept like wildfire through the frontier settlements. John Stark, of the Hampshire Grants, then forty-nine years old, had fought with Major Roger's Rangers in the French and Indian War. As a colonel he had led colonial troops in the Battle of Bunker Hill. At Princeton and Trenton, Stark, then a General, had most ably supported Washington. To the "Green Mountain Boys" he now appealed. Several hundred gathered to repel the threatened danger. About four miles northwest of Bennington, on August 16, 1777, Stark gave battle. The British were entrenched upon a hill that rises from the Walloom-scoick River. On three sides Stark stationed his troops. Before the charge was sounded, he observed, "We'll beat them to-day or Molly Stark's a widow."

The story of the United States contains accounts of many desperate battles. Among these are the heroic Texan charge at San Jacinto; the sharpshooting of the Tennessee riflemen under Jackson at New Orleans; the valorous onset of Pickett and his men at Gettysburg; and the mad sweep of the Holston and Watauga settlers up King's Mountain. Perhaps in none of these was the disparity in equipment between the Americans and their foes so great

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as at Bennington. The New Englanders were without bayonets; most of them had only their fowling pieces and many fought with the implements of the farm. Artillery they had none. The desperate Americans swarmed over the Hessian breastworks. Hand to hand they struggled. Many, including Colonel Baum, were killed, and many were wounded. All the British survivors were taken prisoners. Prior to the onslaught Baum had sent a messenger to Burgoyne seeking re-enforcements, and eight hundred regulars marched promptly to the support of the Hessian army. Colonel Seth Warner met and defeated them in a series of engagements. Burgoyne, with his long line of communications to Canada, needed the supplies, but he failed to get them. His loss in troops killed, wounded or captured at Bennington seriously impaired the strength of his force. The valor with which the New England farmers fought discouraged the Iroquois, so in large numbers they deserted. The victory of the Americans gave heart to all the colonists, and recruits quickly joined Schuyler's army. The delay which the battle of Bennington occasioned Burgoyne permitted the Americans to gather for the fight at Bemis Heights, more generally known as the Battle of Saratoga. Morgan and his riflemen, the able Schuyler, the inefficient Gates and the dashing, though later recreant, Arnold might not have succeeded at Saratoga had Bennington not been successfully fought. Because of this, Benning-

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ton was a great turning point of the Revolution. Burgoyne said that had he succeeded at Bennington he would not have failed at Saratoga.

Following the defeat of Burgoyne's expedition came the recognition of the colonists by the French and their aid in troops and ships of war. The Americans were much heartened. In Bennington was the earnest of ultimate triumph. At Bemis Heights a great monument is reared. In one niche is a statue of Morgan, in another one of Gates, in another one of Schuyler. The fourth is empty. Here, but for his later perfidy, would have stood the figure of Benedict Arnold. At the village of Bennington, where once the old storehouse stood, a gray granite shaft lifts its point into the sky. On the field where John Stark led his men to victory, the men of Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts wrote with blood their guarantee of American independence. The leveling plow and a shielding nature have concealed the hill top entrenchments. The Walloomscoick River flows on, unconscious that over a century ago survivors of Bennington cleansed their wounds in its waters. Save for a small monument to Stark, unmarked are the slopes where the New England farmers charged under the burning August sun, but what was here done has not perished from the recollection of men. In a nation's heart endures a memory more secure than legends inscribed on chiseled granite or molded bronze.

*Wherever one goes in America
there can always be found a shrine.*

A Trip to Tarrytown

"Not far from this village, perhaps about three miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity."—Washington Irving.

ON a misty, lousy morning in the latter part of August, we left New York City en route for Tarrytown—there to visit Washington Irving's home and some of the scenes made famous by his pen. As we left the train, we were at once assailed by a chorus of Jehus, whose call conjured up nothing of the greatness of the place where they plied their trade,—“Taxi, taxi,” sounds “all salary and hire.” Finding none of the equine friends of Gunpowder, or their descendants, we were of necessity required to bargain for one of the modern peace-disturbing air-enfouling vehicles at the moderate price of three dollars per hour. In a fine drizzling rain we wound up an old Tarrytown street to the New York-Albany post road. We listened in vain for a rumbling coach and rattling harness. No post horn warned us of the coming of fiery steeds and hallooing travellers. Instead, along the brick-paved street ran gas propelled vehicles of all descriptions; some purred; others rattled; some

A TRIP TO TARRYTOWN

squeaked; some pounded and puffed; all were out of place. As we travelled along toward Sleepy Hollow, we shut them all from sight, hearing and smell.

We saw the foliage as Irving must many times have seen it—glistening in the morning rain. We were travelling over the road that once on an autumn's night was traversed by the disconsolate school master, Ichabod Crane. We could almost see in the mist his bullet-head and small peaked hat,—his thin figure mounted on the ambling scarecrow of a horse, his flapping coat-tails and his dejected air, now that his dream of happy opulence had been shattered by the calculatingly flirtatious Katrina. We passed the place where he had imagined the ghostly presence in Major Andre's tree. A tree is there now—but surely 'tis not over seventy-five years old! The tree that marked the place of the capture of the British spy has doubtless long since gone the way of him whom it commemorated. A monument now stands beside the road telling briefly of Arnold's treason, Andre's capture and its discovery. There is also recorded the names of the captors and a testimonial from George Washington of the worth of their work.

We rode on. Soon we came to where Brom Bones, masquerading as the headless horseman, was silhouetted against the sky, striking terror into the fugitive pedagogue. We descended to the creek. On the hill beyond, still stands—where it has stood since 1697—the same church that gave Ichabod

A TRIP TO TARRYTOWN

(in his reliance on the Dutch housevrouw's tale) the hope that was so quickly and rudely shattered by a pumpkin. The old bridge over which the fleeing steeds hurried is no more. In its stead a trim concrete structure greets the traveller, and a bronze plate, countersunk in one of its sides, tells of its early progenitor. In front of the church we halted. The building was closed but through a half open shutter the wooden pews were visible. It was here that Katrina had so often, unconsciously, succeeded in centering the covert attention of so many swains during prayer. These walls had once been vibrant with the nasal quaver of the odd hero of Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." In the surrounding yard many tombstones tell their brief story of the dust beneath them—names, dates of birth and of death. To the stranger, these tell only that here is now common clay. Below the cemetery the stream winds around in a deep steep-sided valley. It must have been here that in his imagination Washington Irving saw old Rip and his dog trudging away on the fateful hunting trip which was born of the shrewishness of Dame VanWinkle. Somewhere in the hills above he met the strange Half Moon crew and partook of the wicked flagon.

We drove farther up the road and into the great cemetery that crowns the hill. A winding drive took us to the great author's tomb. A low iron fence encloses many small white marble tombstones. The largest is a simple oval topped slab

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about three feet in height. Its inscription is all sufficient for this and other generations of readers:

“Washington Irving
Born 1781—Died 1853.”

This suggests to the pilgrim the Alhambra, the Moorish tales, the preeminent Life of George Washington, Mahomet, the Life of Columbus, Astoria, the many tales of the Sketch Book and of hours of humor, learning, philosophy and happiness that have been given to millions on this and other continents by him whose mortal part is here enclosed.

Many gravestones for his family and kin of his and later generations are found here, as if the love borne his memory might be further increased by this collection of earth and ashes.

After surveying the assemblage of monuments, and thinking of the career of the greatest American author—not sadly but with a feeling of friendly joy that he had lived, thought and written—we turned to survey the scene spread out before us. Below ran monuments, walls, shrubs and trees to the valley of the brook; beyond on the gentle rise some of the roofs of Tarrytown were visible. Further off flowed the majestic Hudson, the confining Palisades showing hugely through the mist. A sloop was making its way down stream tacking now and then that its sails might get the pull of a light

A TRIP TO TARRYTOWN

South Southwest breeze. What spot could be more appropriate than this to hold the mortal part of Washington Irving! The visitor has enforced upon him scenes that, on first beholding, seem long familiar. A drive to the crest of the hill led us to less simple monuments. In a beautiful slope of green, surrounded by shrubbery and trees, Andrew Carnegie had, a few days before, been buried. Among the foliage, a soldiers' tent was visible. He was guarding the earth-enclosed body of the Iron King that ghouls might not plunder. Doubtless this alert watcher will soon be replaced by a grimmer protection—one of granite and steel.

Not far distant our driver pointed out the Rockefeller burial lot. Not many years hence this will doubtless hold the Oil King's remains.

How the march of existence goes on! The master iron-monger of the world, the founder of hundreds of libraries, the great giver of many benefactions—has passed on. Soon an inscribed stone will tell his brief story. His dust, now guarded by a rifleman, will ere long be forgotten. His mighty work will live on.

Absorbed in thoughts of the brevity of life and how some great souls, unappalled by the shortness of its span, use it earnestly and efficiently—sanely mindful of the duties of the eternal now—we drove back through Tarrytown toward Irving's old home. A path called "Sunshine Lane," winding among

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the trees, led us from the New York-Albany Post Road to a large closed gate. Through the foliage we caught a faint glimpse suggestive of a house. Nearer approach was barred by the gate and also by a sign bearing the name of one of the great author's descendants—DuPont Irving—and warning us not to enter. We could quite agree with the owner's desire not to be disturbed by curious visitors; however, we regretted that we could not stand for a few moments beneath the roof that had sheltered the greatest literary genius of America. Somewhat disappointed, we made our way by a deliberately circuitous route back to an old Tarrytown tavern to partake of a chicken dinner. This done, we walked slowly down the hill to the railroad station to board the next train for New York City.

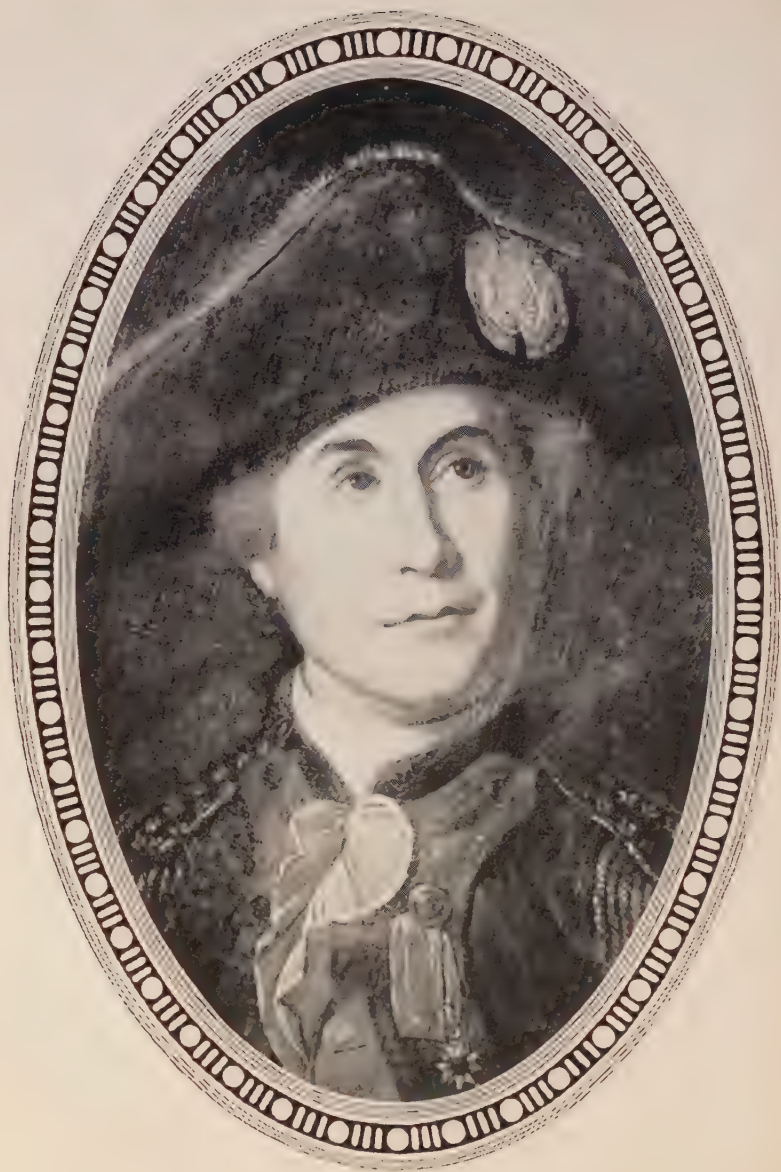
How delightful a little trip had been ours! As we rode along the Hudson to Manhattan Island, a long procession of characters came to our imagination—Diedrich Knickerbocker, Wouter VanTwiller, Ichabod Crane, Brom Bones, Peter Stuyvesant and whole troops of men and women with whom Washington Irving has made us laugh, grieve or philosophise, as he swayed us to the mood.

We tried to recall the paragraph with which Irving closed his history of New York. Our memory rewarded us only with its last sentence. With it we end this brief account of a visit which you,

A TRIP TO TARRYTOWN

my friend, should also make to this American shrine on the banks of the Hudson:

“Haply this frail compound of dust, which, while alive, may have given birth to nought but unprofitable weeds, may form an humble sod of the valley, from whence may spring many a sweet wild flower to adorn my beloved island of Mannahata.”



JOHN PAUL JONES

*Though trained for many things,
for at least one thing must one be
trained well.*

John Paul Jones

"But thou, brave Jones, no blame shalt bear,
The rights of man demand your care:

For these you dare the greedy waves.
No tyrant, on destruction bent,
Has plann'd thy conquest—thou art sent
To humble tyrants and their slaves."

—Philip Freneau.

WITHIN the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, is interred the ashes of John Paul Jones. For one hundred thirteen years, from his death until 1910, they rested in a Paris cemetery. The spirit of this man, the first great American naval officer, has been with us always. His cry, "I have not yet begun to fight," is unforgotten. It will go ringing on through the centuries like a clarion call to battle. Its thrill is found in the triumphant message from Perry, "We have met the enemy and they are ours;" its indomitable power was felt in the words of the dying Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship;" its unconquerable force was in Stephen Decatur when in the Tripolitan harbor he sank the pirate craft. In the turret of the Monitor it pulsed through the sturdy Ericson; its throb was in Dewey's men in far-off Manilla Bay, following the calmly-spoken words, "When you are ready, Gridley, fire." It fixed forever the high standard of courage of our navy—a navy that in all the wars from the days of Jones to those of Simms has never failed to conquer.

JOHN PAUL JONES

Who was this man whose spirit now stands on the bridge of every American ship, is within every boiler room, behind every gun and aloft on every fighting top that carries the Stars and Stripes? He was born in County Kircudbright, Scotland, in 1747, his lineage obscure, his outward opportunities few. But there was that within him that made opportunities. His name was John Paul. In later life he took that of John Paul Jones. Unaided even by a christening, he made that name, common though it was, a synonym for indomitable will and unyielding pluck.

At twelve he was a sailor, at nineteen a chief mate, and at twenty-one a captain. When twenty-six years old, he left the sea and settled in Virginia. In 1775, he was commissioned as a lieutenant in the Continental navy. On the little ship "Alfred" he pulled the halyards that hoisted to the breeze our first naval flag. It was the "Rattlesnake flag," bearing those warning words, "Don't tread on me." He knew one trade well; he was a skillful sailor and navigator. He had diligently improved his boyhood years before the mast.

In 1775 he was placed in command of the brig "Providence," with a crew of seventy and armament of twelve four-pounders. In four months he had captured sixteen enemy ships. Later, with other commands he burned enemy transports and captured munitions, gaining supplies for Americans and destroying them for the British.

JOHN PAUL JONES

In June, 1777, he was given the "Ranger," a vessel of three hundred tons, armed with eighteen six-pound guns. On July 4th he ran to her mast-head the first flag of Stars and Stripes that was ever flown in the American navy. From then until 1779 he was in European waters, fighting and harrying enemy shipping.

In the latter year he converted a rotten, condemned merchantman in a French harbor to an American man-of-war. In honor of Benjamin Franklin he named it the "Bonhomme Richard." With this as his flagship, he cruised about England and Scotland, striking terror wherever he appeared along shore or upon the seas. With two vessels of his squadron accompanying the "Good Richard," he fell in with the British Baltic convoy led by the staunch new frigate "Serapis." Then ensued what was perhaps the most desperate naval battle ever fought in the history of the world. With his ship riddled, his prisoners at the pumps, his magnificent crew suffering and many dead and dying, he fought his stronger foe. For hours the battle lasted. When in desperate straits Jones was asked if he surrendered. He made his memorable reply. At the close of the contest, though the American ship sank, the victors were possessed of the British man-of-war, and in it made their way to France.

The story of his life and of his death in Paris in 1792 are well known. The one great event in his career that stands supreme is the battle on the

JOHN PAUL JONES

North Sea. He believed in initiative, and expressed that belief thus: "I do not wish to have command of any ship that does not sail fast, for I intend to go in harm's way."

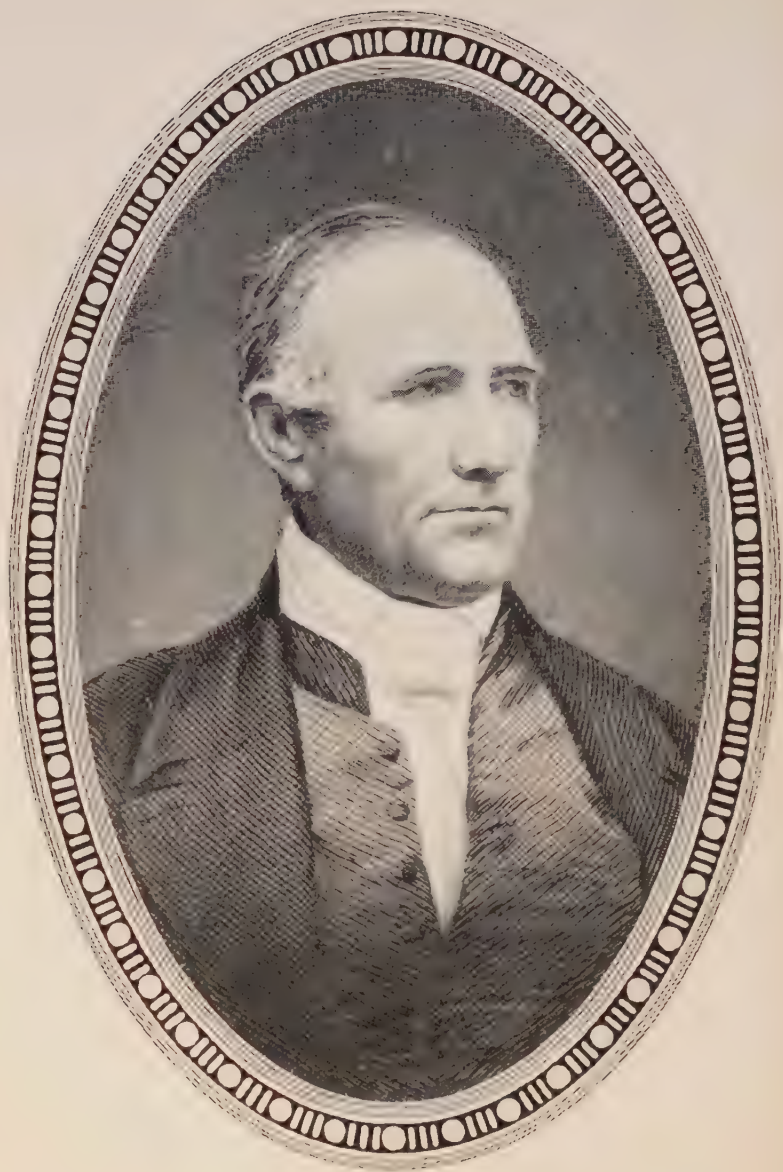
Though born in Scotland, and his youthful days spent at sea, he was a real American. His patriotism was proved by his deeds. He worded it in the sayings, "I can never renounce the glorious title of a citizen of the United States," and "I have ever looked out for the honor of the American flag." Never in all his fights did he have a good ship, never did he have a full crew. His weaknesses in equipment and men were always overbalanced by his skill and bravery.

Whether he dreamed in his youth that some day his name would stand among the first of the world's naval heroes, we do not know. That history would call him the "Father of the American Navy," he probably never dreamed. To wish for immortality in the memories of men may be vanity; it is not vanity, however, to wish to serve so well that the service shall be enduring.

In a few short hours one September day John Paul Jones wrote his name forever in the earthly records of great deeds. It was no sudden burst of genius that gave him the power so to do. In his early youth, though he then did not know when or where, he was preparing for those four hours of glory. In the night on a yard-arm of a reeling ship how often had he stored up materials of physical

JOHN PAUL JONES

and moral strength for the sudden heavy draft made that autumn evening in 1779. In strange harbors, under distant skies, in currents, in calms and in storms, he had learned his art. Under the stars he had heard the blocks creaking with the straining rigging as he watched the weather and read his chart. From stem to stern, from keel to top-truck, he knew ships. He knew the whims of wind and tide! He knew the tricks of sails, of sheets and wheel. He taught himself how to use best and to its uttermost degree every resource, however meagre it might be. He learned what every sailor-man must learn, that his skill must be ever available, ever ready, and that to know too late is not to know at all. Thus he prepared day by day and year by year. When his great hour struck, he was ready. At thirty-two, unaided by chance or fortune, there was suddenly opened a page of history on which he should write his name imperishably—a page whose reading would ever inspire men to daring with unbreaking will.



SAMUEL HOUSTON

*The men who made the westward
march were cast in heroic mold.*

Sam Houston

"Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given;
The stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?"
—Joseph Rodman Drake.

THE most heroic figure in history is the American pioneer. All the virtues and vices of the frontier were his. All the suffering and privation of the uncultivated wilderness were by him endured. All the dangers of lurking savages were braved and overcome. All that initiative, patience and courage could accomplish was by him performed. He was a man of imagination and foresight. As he stood, over a century ago, beyond the pale of settlement on the western slope of the Alleghanies, he gazed afar over forests and rivers, over beauteous valleys and mountains, and, with the beat of the distant Pacific in his straining ears, caught a vision of a continental destiny for the colonies of the Atlantic seaboard—a vision of peace and prosperity, of ranging herds and waving fields, of harnessed rivers and plying commerce, of delving for nature's store of treasure to be wrought into usefulness for mankind—a vision that through him has been realized, for wherever the forest rang with his axe there he

SAM HOUSTON

has uplifted the schoolhouse and the temple; wherever his home was planted there has flowered into beauty and blossomed into perfume the true ideals of American life.

In 1793, the year that saw the death of Louis XVI of France, two children were born in Virginia. Both were to become leaders in the western advance; both were to become apostles to spread the liberty-giving American institutions. One was destined to be the colonizer and founder of the Republic of Texas; the other was selected for the mission of wresting her independence from the overlords of Mexico. One was Stephen Austin, the colonizer; the other, that great child and man of romance, Samuel Houston.

Houston was of Scotch-Irish stock; his father, a sturdy frontiersman who fought in the Revolutionary War. Of his mother we know that she was a woman of courage, and that, as in all great men, her most famous son inherited his mother's qualities. Her Spartan spirit is shown by an incident of Sam's enlistment in the War of 1812. Standing in her cabin door, she gave her son his musket, saying, "Take this musket, and never disgrace it, for, remember, I had rather all my sons should fill one honorable grave than that one of them should turn his back to save his life. Go, and remember, too, that while the door of my cottage is open to brave men, it is eternally shut against cowards."

Houston's father died when Sam was thirteen

SAM HOUSTON

years of age. His mother took the large family over the mountains, to a rough home they made in the Tennessee forests. The Tennessee River, seven miles distant, marked the boundary line between the settlers and the Cherokee Indians. Of Sam's earliest years little is recorded except that he attended a backwoods' school for a few months, and also read and reread Pope's translation of the "Iliad." What hopes, what dreams were stirred by these Homeric tales of warrior heroes, we can surmise from his later life. We find him when fourteen years of age leaving his mother's home to join the Cherokee tribe, with whom he then lived for four years. He was adopted as a son by the Cherokee chief "Oolootee-kah," and was christened "Colonneh," or "The Rover."

During these four years he played the alert games of his dusky playmates. He was taught the habits of the game of the primeval forest; he knew the cunning of the wild fox and the intelligence of the wolf; he learned to imitate the calls of the wild; he heard the Indian tales of prowess and of daring; he knew the secrets of stream and of woodland. He listened to the myths of the redmen; he heard the poetry of Indian oratory in the council wigwams; he became acquainted with their religion, with its rewards of all the beautiful in nature in the Happy Hunting Ground. With them he heard the voices of departed ancestors in the sighing of the trees. He wore the Indian dress with all its barbarous finery.

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He learned the lessons of those wild children of the forest, who, with all their cruelty and all their savagery, have never been excelled by any race in their worship of the wonderful and beautiful of the earth. He received that training which is only for the observant, in a school whose dome is the blue sky, whose curriculum is unbounded by dogma or superstition, whose teachers are ever present companions, and whose laboratories are in hills and running brooks, in the glades where deer run, and in twig, stone and flower—that university of nature which gives the secret of the usefulness of life to all who sincerely inquire.

In Houston's adventurous career we find many evidences of Indian characteristics in his nature. His fiery temper, his love of the wild, his vanity, his commanding presence, his lofty eloquence, his valor—even in his youth—were strangely apparent.

Until he was eighteen years of age, Houston remained with the Cherokees. Being in debt for ammunition, he returned to his white friends to earn sufficient money by teaching school to discharge his financial obligations. He received a tuition of eight dollars per annum from each pupil. This salary was paid one-third in cotton goods, one-third in corn at 33 1-3c per bushel, and one-third in cash.

Here he reigned as master in that humble but mighty American institution, the district school. Here the young mind of the pupil is trained to respect the authority of government and to revere

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the memories of our nation's heroes. Here he buffets with the Norsemen on the voyage to Vinland, and feels the hope and the despair of the uncharted sailings with the Genoese. Here he dreams with Ponce de Leon, and wanders with LaSalle and Frontenac. He stands with Balboa at Darien as the mighty Pacific meets his gaze, and charges with Pizarro among the fastnesses of the Incas. He steps with the heroic Pilgrims upon the rock at Plymouth, and suffers with the adventurous Cavaliers at Jamestown. With Magellan he rounds the Horn, and with Frobisher and Drake pursues the galleons on the Spanish Main. He fights with the pioneers on the Atlantic coast and in the Piedmont, and braves the dangers beyond the pass of Cumberland. He rides through the night with Paul Revere, and fights side by side with the Minutemen. He charges with John Stark at Bennington, and suffers the pain and misery of the winter at Valley Forge. He receives with Washington the surrender at Yorktown, and sits with Madison and Hamilton in the Constitutional Convention. He goes forth with Boone to conquer a continent, and trades with the Indians at the mouth of the Columbia. He joins the mad charge of Pickett at Gettysburg, and rides on the wings of the wind with Sheridan at Winchester. He lives the lives of all who dared; he suffers in the reeking battlefield; he meets the able savage with heart undaunted. He toils in the wilderness of mountain and plain, and catches

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the spirit of those who ever build higher and higher on the foundations laid so deep by the men who have gone before. He feels the beat of public progress, and becomes that crowning achievement of the world's civilization—an American citizen.

After a period of teaching, Houston, for a session, attended an academy at Maryville. This brief experience and his early few months' training in the backwoods' school constituted the only schooling that Houston ever had. His education was obtained through association with nature and with men. Throughout his life he read a few books. He studied deeply Caesar's "Commentaries," and learned their simple wisdom on the art of war. Homer and Shakespeare were frequently read by him, and in his later life he devoted much study to the Bible. His preserved speeches are tinged with the language of Holy Writ, intermixed with the rich imagery of the eloquence of the red man.

George Rogers Clark, who was chiefly instrumental in holding for the colonies the territory between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi during the Revolution; Lewis and Clark, who broke the trail to Oregon; Fremont, who made the path through Colorado; Boone, who led the way into Tennessee and Kentucky; Kenton, the scout of the Kanawha; Davy Crockett and Bowie, who died at the Alamo; and the other intrepid men who led the American advance over mountain steepes, through tangled forests, across sandy plains—these men who

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defied the hardships of toil, thirst and hunger, alert pioneers who met undaunted and alone the lurking dangers of the fastnesses of the wilderness, may have had dreams less vast than the later results of their work warranted, but, like all men who combine imagination with accomplishment, they were willing to, and did, perform the immediate tasks that were sternly given them. Of such as these was he whose crowning achievements were in the conquest and preservation of that vast expanse of tropical fertility which we now know as the State of Texas.

As it is worth while to trace the great river to its sources, or to know the tremendous forces that wrought out the soil of this continent, so will it be profitable to learn in what school and how was trained in his early manhood he who led the great march of Americans to the banks of the Rio Grande.

In 1813, while the war between Great Britain and the United States was in progress, Houston enlisted in the army under his lifelong friend, General Andrew Jackson. In March of that year he took a glorious part in the campaign against the Creek Indians and fought at the battle of the Horse Shoe Bend of the Tallapoosa River. As an ensign, he commanded a platoon of Tennessee riflemen, and at their head he charged through the leaden hail that came from the Creek entrenchments. While scaling the Indian breastworks, a barbed arrow entered his thigh. General Jackson ordered

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him to the rear, but, under his threatening sword, Houston forced one of his lieutenants to withdraw the arrow. After the wound was bandaged he proceeded with his men. One thousand savages and one thousand Tennesseans fought with rifle, arrow, spear, sword, tomahawk and dagger. The Indians' prophets had promised them victory. A dark cloud was to be the token of the Great Spirit. After the first fierce carnage, the victorious Americans called upon the enemy's survivors to surrender. A light rain then fell. The Indians took the cloud from which it came as the promised signal, and their prophets stood firm. They had withdrawn to a port-holed log fortification in a deep ravine, and here they defied the further onslaughts of the whites. General Jackson called for volunteers to make the assault, but no officer offered to lead so desperate a charge. Houston seized a rifle, and, calling upon his platoon to follow, led them against the savage fire. He received two bullets in his shoulder in the last event of that fateful day that destroyed the power of Creeks forever. Houston, who was then only twenty years of age, was not expected to recover. After enduring much suffering, he arrived two months later at his mother's home in Blount County, Tennessee, where for months he lay in agony. Finally he was taken to Marysville for medical assistance, but the wounds never healed. From then until his death, fifty years later, he

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carried a running sore as a memento of his first baptism of fire.

After sufficiently recovering to undertake the journey, Houston traveled down the Cumberland, the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans to join his command. In the little bark he took to the West a copy of the "Iliad," a volume of Shakespeare and the Bible. It was a strange coincidence that on this first trip of Houston to the Father of Waters he carried the greatest epic ever written, the book of the world's greatest religion, and the works of the most illustrious genius who ever wrought the fancies of his brain into an enduring literary fabric for all the ages. On the Mississippi, as if to greet him who was to do so much to extend the commerce of a nation toward the West, was met the first steamboat that ever disturbed the Father of Waters. The following winter he sailed around Florida, which in a few years was to be ceded by Spain, and thence to New York for further medical treatment. He returned overland to Tennessee, where he was made a sub-agent among the Cherokees. In the spring of 1818 he conducted a delegation of Indians to Washington, where he was reprimanded for appearing in his wild Indian dress before Secretary of State Calhoun, and later was strangely charged with having prevented African negroes from being smuggled into the Western states from Florida. Smarting under the unjust

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criticisms, he resigned from the army, and, at the age of twenty-five, undertook the study of law.

In the march of the American pioneers toward the Pacific, the first were those of the hunting rifle, like Boone, each generation of whom moved further westward until they reached the great sea. These were followed by those of the axe, who girdled the trees and cleared small patches of ground, engaged in shiftless farming, and on the coming of more permanent farmers deserted their log cabins to move farther West. With the coming of the third class, the permanent farmers, land titles became of more importance. In a pioneer community, where hardship was usual, living rough and defense of life often dependent on the effort of the individual, it was natural that personal quarrels were frequent and violence common. These and litigation over land titles gave occasion for the frontier lawyer. Court sessions were days of great social gatherings. For miles about a county-seat over the rough trails would come the population to listen to the trials in which all were interested, in which all took sides, and in which anybody's business was everybody's business. Court proceedings furnished the play, and the court-room the stage for the backwoods' lawyers and judges to display their qualities. Every case gave an opportunity for the lawyer to advance his political plans and to interfere with those of his opponents. At the taverns, between court sessions, the members of

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the bar could discourse to their admirers and berate their enemies. The stump speech here developed into a national institution.

Lured by the attractions of this field, Houston decided to study law. He entered the office of James Trimble, at Nashville. The usual period of study in those days was eighteen months. Houston, however, studied six months, devoting himself to acquiring a few general principles of the science. His sense of justice was not dulled by commencing his endeavors in an attempt to digest a mass of reported cases. In his twenty-fifth year, he was admitted to the bar and commenced practice at the little town of Lebanon, Tennessee. Here his office rent was one dollar per month, and the local postmaster, a Mr. Goldsworthy, advanced him this as well as his postage, which was then twenty-five cents per letter. His law library of a few books that he could carry in his saddle-bags he also purchased on credit. After three months' practice, he was elected district-attorney and removed from Lebanon to Nashville to assume the duties of that office.

As public prosecutor he had to contend with some of the ablest minds of the frontier bar. Though he was not a scholarly lawyer, his native ability, his ready wit and the possession, through his early training, of a sound and quick judgment, made him a dangerous antagonist in the forums in which he appeared. His rough eloquence, his fervid imagina-

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tion and his vigor won for him a large following among the people of Tennessee.

His popularity was such that by acclamation he was elected Major-General of the state troops.

In 1823, Houston was elected to Congress from the Ninth District of Tennessee. The House of Representatives then numbered among its members such patriots as Webster, Clay and Randolph. Houston profited much from his association with these brightest minds of his time. He belonged to the Jackson wing of the Democratic party, and was one of those men who had within him the strong growing spirit of nationalism in the West. It was this spirit which in 1828 made Jackson President.

Jackson was Houston's great ideal. While the former was in the Senate, Houston served on the same committees in the House. On one occasion during his second term in Congress, Houston emulated his patron by engaging in a duel, the only one of his long life. The cause was trivial. His antagonist was General White, who was seriously wounded, while Houston escaped unharmed. Many times after, because of his hot temper, Houston was challenged—once by Mirabeau Lamar, the President of Texas from 1838 to 1841, and once by Albert Sidney Johnston. One day he received a belligerent message demanding an engagement on the field of honor. Houston handed the challenge to his secre-

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tary, instructing him to mark it number fourteen and place it on file.

In 1827, Houston was elected Governor of Tennessee by a majority of twelve thousand. For two years of his term he served with credit to himself and with honor to the electorate of his state. He then married Eliza Allen, the daughter of one of his ardent admirers and a staunch political supporter. The couple lived together for three months, when suddenly his wife departed for her father's home. In a storm of slander, scandal and abuse, Houston remained silent as to the cause of this separation. Neither from Mrs. Houston nor from him did explanation ever come. The lies of a villifying press, the conjectures of little minds, who, in an effort to satiate their unwarranted curiosity disregard one's right of privacy, the slanders of the suspicious, never served to draw from either a word as to the cause of their separation. Many explanations have been given, but for us it is sufficient to know that neither would ever suffer derogatory mention of the other. A few years later Mrs. Houston obtained a divorce on a charge of desertion, and later she married again. Houston, suffering much in spirit, decided to abandon his brilliant career and seek again the companionship of the redmen. He resigned the Governorship of Tennessee, embarked upon the Cumberland and made his way to the home of his adopted father, Oolootekah.

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The Cherokee Indians had by this time removed from Tennessee to what is now Eastern Oklahoma and Western Arkansas. At the confluence of the Arkansas and Illinois rivers lived the Cherokee chief in barbaric opulence. His acres were broad, and his log dwelling was large. He possessed twelve slaves and five hundred cattle. This simple aborigine welcomed the successful lawyer and politician, the tried warrior and general, from the advancing civilization in the East to the Indian country beyond the farthest outpost. Here Houston lived for four years—perhaps the darkest of his life. He indulged in many excesses, seeking for a time to drown his disappointment and sorrow in strong drink. These were not, however, years of inactivity. He took some part in the Indian councils, and sought to alleviate the wrongs done the Indians by venal government agents. On the occasion of a visit to Washington to intercede with the Federal authorities in behalf of the Cherokees, he was upon the floor of the House of Representatives assailed in debate by Congressman Salisbury of Ohio. He was charged with attempting to defraud the Indians. At this Houston took umbrage. On accidentally meeting the offending Congressman one evening, Houston vented his wrath upon him in a physical assault. The worsted Congressman undertook the prosecution of Houston, and in the courts of the District of Columbia he was fined five hundred dollars. This fine was remitted, however, by

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President Jackson. Salisbury also unsuccessfully attempted to bar Houston from the privilege of an ex-Congressman to appear on the floor of the House of Representatives. Upon this Houston was tried. His counsel was a Washington lawyer whose name is now known in every American household. In that dramatic proceeding against the friend of Jackson, that much-maligned exponent of Western thought, the counsel for the defense was the author of "The Star Spangled Banner"—Francis Scott Key.

The vast territory stretching from the Sabine to the Rio Grande, a larger expanse than Napoleon's empire, and now called "Texas," was known to the Spaniards before 1600. In 1685, the French explorer, LaSalle, who had three years before been upon the shores of Texas, founded a settlement at Matagorda Bay, which was soon abandoned for one upon the LaVaca River. This soon passed away, as had the earlier Spanish settlements. The first permanent settlement in Texas was made by Spain in 1716 at LaBahia, or Goliad. In the same year missions were established at San Antonio DeBexar and at Nacogdoches. For three-quarters of a century Texas had no white settlers except the priests and soldiers of a few missions. In 1800 Spain ceded Louisiana to Napoleon, and three years later Napoleon sold Louisiana to the United States.

The Mississippi River was the highway to New Orleans, which now became an American city. A few Americans from this outpost pushed on into the

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Spanish territory of Texas. In 1819 the United States bought Florida from Spain; whether Texas was included in this purchase has been a subject for debate. In 1821, Spain's three century domination of Mexico came to an end, that country established her independence and in 1822 Augustin de Iturbidi was crowned Emperor. In 1823 he was deposed, and Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna became the great man of Mexico.

In 1820, Moses Austin, a native of Connecticut, secured a grant of land in Texas. In 1821 he died, and his son Stephen took up the colonization plan of his father and secured a confirmation of the grant made to the latter. He returned to New Orleans, going back to San Antonio in March, 1822, with a few colonists. He then learned of the Mexican revolution and of the worthlessness of his Spanish grant. From Iturbide he obtained a new grant, and on Iturbide's fall again obtained the same grant from Mexico. His site was San Felipi de Austin, a hundred miles up the Bragos River.

The story of the emigration of the Austin colonists to Texas has many parallels in our history. Some came over a thousand miles with ox-teams. They traversed unmarked forests and trackless prairies, and crossed perilous streams, oftentimes on rafts of logs bound with grapevines. For food they depended much upon their rifles, but sometimes on the plains they ate grasshoppers caught by drives into brush corrals. They were without physicians.

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In illness only the simplest remedies were available, and they performed their own rough surgery. Oft-times the dead were buried by the roadside, with no memorials but heaps of stones to prevent the ravages of wild animals. Sometimes the Indians attacked, murdered, plundered and burned. Stark corpses, reddened camp-fire ashes, the presence of carrion birds and bleaching bones have frequently offered their mute evidence.

In December, 1832, Houston left the Cherokees and went to Texas. In a letter to Andrew Jackson, written February 13, 1833, he said: "I am in possession of some information which will doubtless be interesting to you, and may be calculated to forward your views, if you should entertain any, touching the acquisition of Texas by the United States government. That such a measure is desired by nineteen-twentieths of the population of the province, I cannot doubt." The dissatisfaction of the Texans was occasioned by these facts: In 1824 the Mexicans had adopted a liberal constitution, in imitation of that of the United States. In reliance on this the American settlers had come. Santa Anna sought to establish himself as dictator, and finally succeeded. By 1830, there were in Texas about twenty thousand American settlers, and these were becoming uneasy under the growing disregard of the security of their rights as the Mexican constitution had granted them. In 1835, Santa Anna issued a decree requiring the Texans to give up their

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arms; to this the settlers would not submit. In February, 1836, the Mexican dictator, to enforce his decrees, led an army of six to eight thousand men across the Rio Grande. A summary of the events from 1824 to and including the massacres at the Alamo and at Goliad is well made by Houston in a letter written to Santa Anna, dated March 21, 1842. It is as follows:

"The people of Texas were invited to migrate to this country for the purpose of enjoying equal rights and Constitutional liberty. They were promised the shield of the Constitution of 1824, adopted by Mexico. Confiding in the pledge, they removed to the country to encounter all the privations of a wilderness. Under the alluring promises of free institutions, citizens of the United States fought gallantly in the achievement of Mexican independence, and many of them survive, and to this day occupy the soil which their privations and valor assisted in achieving. They brought with them no aspirations or projects but such as were loyal to the Constitution of Mexico. They repelled the Indian savages; they encountered every discomfort; they subdued the wilderness and converted into cultivated fields the idle waste of this now prolific territory. Their courage and enterprise achieved that which your countrymen had either neglected or left for centuries unaccomplished. The Texans, enduring the annoyances and oppressions inflicted upon them, remained faithful to the Con-

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stitution of Mexico. In 1832, when an attempt was made to destroy that Constitution, and when you, sir, threw yourself forward as its avowed champion, you were sustained with all the fidelity and valor that freemen could contribute.

"You can well imagine the transition of feeling which ensued on your accession to power. Your subversion of the Constitution of 1824, your establishment of Centralism, your conquest of Zacatecas, characterized by every act of violence, cruelty and rapine, inflicted upon us the profoundest astonishment.

"In succession came your orders for the Texans to surrender their private arms. Then was presented to Texans the alternative of tamely crouching to the tyrant's lash or exalting themselves to the attributes of freemen. They chose the latter. To chastise them for their presumption induced your advance upon Texas, with your boasted veteran army, mustering a force nearly equal to the whole population of this country at that time. You besieged and took the Alamo; but under what circumstances? You assailed one hundred and fifty men; its brave defenders, worn by vigilance and duty beyond the power of human nature to sustain, were at length overwhelmed by a force of nine thousand men, and the place taken. This you have been pleased to class in the succession of your victories, and I presume you would include the massacre of Goliad.

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"Your triumph there—if such you are pleased to term it—was not the triumph of arms; it was the success of perfidy. Fannin and his brave companions had beaten back and defied your veteran soldiers. Although outnumbered more than seven to one, their valiant, hearty and indomitable courage, with holy devotion to the cause of freedom, foiled every effort directed by your general to insure his success by arms. He had recourse to a flag of truce, and when the surrender of the little patriot band was secured by the most solemn treaty stipulations, what were the tragic scenes that ensued to Mexican perfidy? Instead of restoring them to liberty, according to the capitulation, you ordered them to be executed, contrary to every pledge given them, contrary to the rules of war and contrary to every principle of humanity."

On March 2nd, 1836, a convention of citizens, gathered at Washington on the Brazos, declared Texas a free and independent nation.

Travis' troops had been massacred at the Alamo, and Fannin's murdered at Goliad. Houston was commander-in-chief of the remaining Texan forces. Santa Anna, thinking that an easy conquest of Houston's army awaited him, sought engagement. Houston bided his time until the Mexican troops encamped in a cul-de-sac between the Buffalo and San Jacinto Rivers, with a marsh at their back. Sunrise on April 21st, 1836, found Houston's army of about seven hundred Texans in a bit of woods

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in front of Santa Anna's troops. As the morning broke, Houston sprang to his feet saying: "The sun of Austerlitz has risen again." Half a mile distant were over two thousand trained enemy troops, sheltered by entrenchments. Between was a stretch of prairie, with no trees, brush or rocks for shelter. Secretly Houston had ordered the destruction of the bridge at Vinci. From the battlefield no retreat could be made.

In the afternoon the charge was sounded. Down the lines dashed a horseman, Deaf Smith. Swinging an axe about his head, he shouted: "I have cut down the bridge at Vinci. Fight for your lives." With a wild shout, "Remember the Alamo!" the entire column rushed forward. At their head rode their courageous leader. When within a hundred yards of the Mexican breastworks, the enemy fired. Their shots were high. Houston's ankle was shattered, and a few soldiers were killed. In a moment the determined Texans were in the trenches. With sword and dagger they fought. The Mexicans were routed; nearly seven hundred were killed, two hundred and eight were wounded, nearly a thousand prisoners were taken, and all with a loss to the victors of six killed and twenty-five wounded. Santa Anna fled. The following day he was found in civilian clothing, crawling along the bushes near the ruined bridge at Vinci. Texan independence was won. The treaty of Velasco concluded the war. Santa Anna in time was returned to Mexico.

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The battle of San Jacinto was a military miracle. Two thousand trained veterans, the pick of an invading army of six or seven thousand, entrenched, protected on flanks by woodland, an open plain before them, commanded by a tried general, were almost annihilated, and their commander captured, all with small loss to the attackers, and this by one-third their number of plainsmen untaught in the art of war.

In the fall of 1836 Houston was elected President of the new Republic. In 1837 the independence of Texas was recognized by the United States—the last official act of President Andrew Jackson. In 1845 the Lone Star State gained admission to the Federal Union.

Houston was one of the two first United States Senators from Texas. He took his seat in March, 1846. Among his colleagues were Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Cass, Benton and many others who left a deep impress upon our national affairs. His eccentric clothing, his broad-brimmed white beaver hat, the Indian blanket which he often wore, his habit of whittling while listening to the Senate proceedings, together with his vastly interesting life, attracted much attention to him. During the war between the United States and Mexico he was often consulted. In his Senatorial career he strongly opposed the secessionist doctrines. He vigorously objected to the Kansas-Nebraska bill repealing the Missouri Compromise.

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Frequently did he rise to defend or plead for the American Indians. In one of his speeches he said, "We have Indians on our Western border whose civilization is not inferior to our own. They have well organized societies; they have villages and towns; they have their state-houses and their capitols; they have females and men who would grace the drawing-rooms or salons of Washington; they have a well organized judiciary, a trial by jury, and the writ of habeas corpus." One who reads the first Constitution of the Cherokee tribes cannot avoid, as a possible belief, that it was written by Houston himself. In recommending a policy to be adopted in dealing with the Indians he said, in 1855, after suggesting a modest military establishment in their midst, "Cultivate intercourse with the Indians. Show them that you have comforts to exchange for their peltries; bring them around you; domesticate them; familiarize them with civilization; let them see that you are rational beings and they will become rational in imitation of you. But take no whiskey there at all, not even for the officers, for fear their generosity would let it out. Do this and you will have peace with the Indians. * * *

"The nature of an Indian can be changed. He changes under favorable circumstances and rises to the dignity of a civilized being. It takes a generation or two to regenerate his race, but it can be done."

In December, 1859, Houston became Governor

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of Texas. He opposed the secession of his State from the Union. When it did resolve upon seceding, he yielded, apparently believing that while Texas ought to stay within the Union, it should not be made to do so by force. Early in July, 1863, there came to him the news of the Confederates' surrender at Vicksburg and of Lee's defeat at Gettysburg. His heart was troubled. Three weeks later he died, and he was buried at Huntsville, Texas.

The career of Houston is worthy of study. He was born east of the Alleghanies. Each new step in his life took him farther west. He was essentially a pioneer, ever moving on with the westward advance of Americans. The son of a Revolutionary soldier, the adopted son of an Indian chief, an Indian fighter, lawyer, public prosecutor, Congressman, Indian agent, military hero, Governor of two states, President of a Republic and United States Senator, are all titles that he honorably bore. The story of his part in inducing the annexation of Texas to the United States is interesting and worthy of investigation. Incident after incident in his career bespeaks the sturdiness of him and the whole race of American pioneers. About his life of great usefulness is woven a web of true romance.

Much could be said of his patriotic and political speeches and of the crude but powerful eloquence with which he delivered them. A good example of the Indian's style of address is found in the follow-

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ing letter written by Houston upon the death of Flaco, a Lipan chief:

"To the Memory of Gen. Flaco, Chief of Lipans:

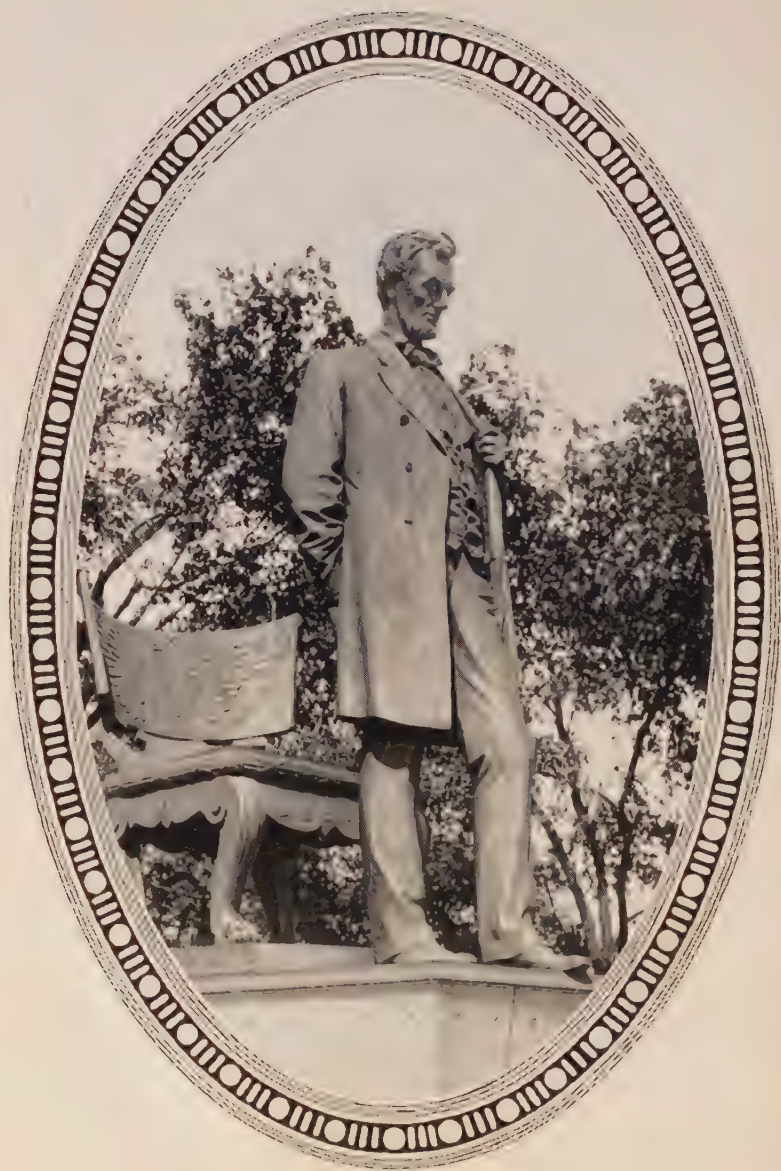
"My Brother:—

"My heart is sad. A dark cloud rests upon your nation. Grief has sounded in your camp. The voice of Flaco is silent. His words are not heard in council. The chief is no more. His life has fled to the Great Spirit. His eyes are closed. His heart no longer leaps at the sight of buffalo. The voices of your camp are no longer heard to cry: "Flaco has returned from the chase." Your chiefs look down on the earth and groan in trouble. Your warriors weep. The loud voices of grief are from your women and children. The song of birds is silent. The ears of your people hear no pleasant sound. Sorrow whispers in the winds. The noise of the tempest passes. It is not heard. Your hearts are heavy.

"The name of Flaco brought joy to all hearts. Joy was on every face. Your people were happy. Flaco is no longer seen in the fight. His voice is no longer heard in battle. The enemy no longer made a path for his glory. His valor is no longer a guard for your people. The right of your nation is broken. Flaco was a friend to his white brothers. They will not forget him. They will remember the red warrior. His father will not be forgotten. We will be kind to the Lipans. Grass shall not grow in the path between us. Let your wise men give the counsel of peace. Let your young men walk in the white path. The gray-headed men of your nation will teach wisdom. I will hold my red brothers by the hand."

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The state of Texas, an expanse larger than any European country except Russia, and the American Federal Union, of which it is so important a part, are richer and better because for them whole heartedly Sam Houston lived and broken-heartedly he died.



STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT SOUTH ENTRANCE
TO LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

The story which begins in a log shack and ends at the White House is wonderful because it is simple. In it are no magic lamps or fairy wands. It is of an humble American boy who slowly and steadily educated himself by using well the materials at hand.

Abraham Lincoln

"Too oft the muse has blush'd to speak of men—
No muse shall blush to speak her best of him,
And still to speak her best of him is dumb.

O lofty wisdom's low simplicity!
O awful tenderness of noted power!—
No man e'er held so much of power so meek.

He was the husband of the husbandless,
He was the father of the fatherless:
Within his heart he weigh'd the common woe.

His call was like a father's to his sons!
As to a father's voice, they, hearing, came—
Eager to offer, strive, and bear, and die."
—John James Piatt.

PASSING up Tenth Street, in Washington, D. C., to a point opposite the old Ford Theatre, the attention is arrested by an American flag. It hangs above the door of an old three-story brick house—the house in which Abraham Lincoln died. It is a homely building, for a brief tenancy sheltering a homely man. Here it was that his great soul took flight.

We climb the curving steps and through the door enter a narrow hall. Here the walls are covered with scores of pictures—all of him who, to his good fortune, was born in a log cabin, and, to ours, lived in the White House. What genius, what kindly tolerance seems to look out from these sunlight

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records of a face! We see him as the keen Illinois lawyer, patient and clear-thinking, but one whom the whip of wrong could lash to fiery energy. We see him as he looked in his debates with Douglas, modestly and calmly pursuing his opponent with relentless logic, and then, revealing in splendid eloquence the golden heart of his theme. In another picture he appears as he must have looked when, for the last time, he stood in Springfield, Illinois, and uttered his prophetic words of farewell.

There is one, perhaps the first taken after that little girl in Buffalo, New York, asked him to grow a beard. One pauses long, studying picture after picture, each telling its story, each filled with meaning for him who has learned something of the career of our martyred President.

Is it not significant that in every civilized language of the earth one can read of this Great American. Is it not suggestive of his place in history to know that, though he died at the close of the Civil War, of him more books have probably been written than of any other man who ever trod this world—save only the founder of Christianity.

The thoughts that come from the contemplation of the portraiture in the dingy hall seem to prepare the mind for entry to the room where the mortal and the immortal parted forever. As one silently crosses the threshold into the little chamber, he is glad that in so simple a place—the room of a Massachusetts soldier—the last drama of Lincoln's

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life was played. There in the corner beside the door was the couch where came the kindly final summons—taps and then reveille. Within these walls had Stanton said, "Now he belongs to the ages."

On that April morning in 1865, the great were gathered about the low walnut bed in this house of the tailor, William Peterson. Where the photograph of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" hung, now hangs a picture of the death-bed scene. In it are shown Mrs. Lincoln; the Cabinet members, Welles and Stanton; Generals Halleck and Meigs; Surgeon General Barnes; William Dennison; Robert Lincoln; Charles Sumner, and John Hay. Except for this picture, the room is bare. At this shrine no chancel or candelabra are needed. To worship here the devotee needs only the barren floor.

Beyond this room is found another in which are gathered many miscellaneous articles once used or owned by Abraham Lincoln. Here, from his old Springfield home, is a kitchen stove, for which he often carried wood. His favorite chair stands empty. In this, doubtless, he had often sat engrossed with those thoughts whose utterance, translated into action, changed the history of the world.

In other rooms are relics of his assassination. These have only a gruesome interest. Lincoln never would have chosen these to whet that morbid curiosity for tokens of outrage and crime which is possessed by some strange minds. His natural good

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taste and his forgiving nature would have hidden them from prying eyes. But they are there, like a gunman's murderous weapon laid beside the tomb of his victim.

Let us return to the room that has the greatest appeal. It is nine by seventeen feet. In this confined place he died. In a small cabin in Kentucky he was born. Each was large enough for such greatness as was his.

Let us stand here for a time and think of the child of the Kentucky backwoods who said, "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided."

It was he who so grounded his thought that he could sincerely appeal to a New York audience with these words, "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

How we can hear again those words of political wisdom: "You can fool all of the people some of the time and some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people all of the time."

To those who would break the law he speaks: "Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty." Note where he stood on the question of

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toil: "I am always for the man who wishes to work." What did he say to those who would gain for themselves by taking from others? He spoke thus: "Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

Can any thinker fail to say amen to this: "I am not much of a judge of religion, but, in my opinion, the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their government, because, as they think, that government does not sufficiently help some men to eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven."

Once a man was asked the explanation for his success in life. He answered, "I had a friend." Listen to these words of Lincoln: "The better part of one's life consists of his friendships; the loss of enemies does not compensate for the loss of friends."

What wisdom is in this: "It is better only sometimes to be right than at all times to be wrong."

Will statesmen profit by reading this sentence from Lincoln? "Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends?"

Here is a thought that all should ponder well: "It is not the qualified voters, but the qualified voters

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who choose to vote that constitute the political power of the State.”

What a fund of sound, homely sayings he has left us! What a wealth of clearly expressed thought! His life is an inspiration to every child born or reared under the American flag. In what other country in this world could genius rise from humble beginnings to such pre-eminence? He, with all the brave souls who believed in and followed him, left us a united country, forever indissoluble. He left us that principle written in heroic blood in our fundamental law that the rights of citizens are not to be denied on account of race, color or creed. These rich memories are revived in the humble room of the Washington tailor's house; from it one can step into the rich sunshine and the free air, both richer and freer because Abraham Lincoln lived, toiled and died.

As the events of his full life run before us, we see an angular child making his way from the land of Boone to the little shack erected in the woodland of Indiana. There, through the chinks in the wall, the night wind's song came to the rude pallet where lay a leader of men, to be. We see him in sorrow when his mother died. With him we watch the coming, with her wonderful furniture, of the stepmother, whose work for all time should be an example for all stepmothers. We see him poring over Weem's Life of Washington, a book which profoundly helped him.

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We watch him as he follows the ox-team to the new home in Illinois. We go with him down the Mississippi, and know his agony of soul as he stood by the slave block in New Orleans. We hear the lusty strokes as his axe rings in the Illinois clearing. We see him enforce respect for himself at New Salem. We grieve with him at the bier of Ann Rutledge. We follow him, the chosen captain of his fellows, in the Blackhawk War. We see him in the New Salem store, and under the trees with him we read Chitty and Blackstone. We carry the chain with him as a surveyor. We learn of his original mind, unprejudiced and unfettered by too many books, as he serves as a lawyer in Springfield and on circuit. We watch this tall, gaunt giant from the West as he sits in Congress. We travel with him through those memorable debates with Douglas when a far-seeing fate kept him from the Senate and saved him for the post of Chief Magistrate of the nation. We sit with him during those anxious days of the Chicago convention. We smile as we watch his face light up when the news of his nomination came from the Chicago "wigwam." We await the result of the fierce election contest, with the old political parties rent and torn with sectionalism. We see him stand serene above all that is petty and sordid. We hear his first inaugural address and understand his plea for Union. We are by him in the terrible days and nights of the Civil War. We glory in his gentle strength as he holds

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himself high above the impetuosity of friends and the rancor of foes.

We hear his immortal address at Gettysburg, and think over those lines that every school boy should know. We see him patient to the end of the strife. "With malice toward none and charity for all," he prepares to "bind up the nations wounds." Then in the theatre across the street we hear the fatal shot. 'Tis a soldier's death that he shall die. It was here they brought him. This is the very spot—a shrine in which nothing is but hallowed memories.



SUPREME COURT ROOM, WASHINGTON, D. C.

*The final guardian of our basic
rights in this Federal Republic is the
Supreme Court.*

Our Supreme Court

"THE REPUBLIC."

From "The Building of the Ship."

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!"

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

IT is well for Americans to remember that ours is by no means the first republic in the world's history; we have existed under our Constitution only since 1789. The Venetian Republic endured for eleven hundred years; the Roman Republic for five hundred years; the Athenian Republic, with a few

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interruptions, for nine hundred years; and the Carthaginian Republic for seven hundred years. Other republics, such as those of Genoa and Florence, lived long. All of these failed primarily on account of the tendency of men granted great power, even in republics, to arrogate unto themselves more power.

To illustrate: You will remember that Caesar, who undertook to gain for the Roman people their rights against the Roman Senate, himself became the master both of the Roman people and of the Roman Senate. Cromwell, who espoused the cause of popular rights in England, himself became the dictator of England; and Napoleon, who undertook to spread the liberty won by the French Revolution, himself became the Emperor of France and sought to become the Emperor of all Europe.

As the Roman Republic fell before the ambitions of one man, the Venetian democracy finally fell before the Doges; Carthage became a victim to the ambitions of military men; the Republic of Genoa fell before an autocracy; the Republic of Florence succumbed to the ambitions of the Medici, and all the republics of the dim past ultimately became despotisms or monarchies.

It is interesting for us to inquire what institutions in our republican form of government differ from the institutions of other republican governments that have existed, to determine, if we can, if there be any that promise perpetuity for the government of the

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United States. There are many such institutions, but it is our purpose in this discussion to call attention only to one—our Supreme Court.

Before pointing out the unique position of that court among institutions, we wish to analyze briefly the meaning and origin of some of those human rights that our Supreme Court is designed to protect. In the Magna Charta, which the barons wrested from King John of England, appear three Latin words, coined by whom we do not know, by whom written we do not know—three words that expressed for the first time a thought that was pregnant with meaning for governments upon this earth. Those words are *per legem terrae* (by the law of the land)—not meaning the law established by and getting its power from government, but that law which runs with the land, meaning the source of those rights that are the foundation, and not the grant, of government; that law which recognizes rights in the individual that are higher than government and higher than any act of government; natural rights, or rights that are possessed by men from the very fact of birth; rights coming from a far higher source than legislatures or courts.

That same conception of human rights is found again in our Declaration of Independence, where it is said that men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and further, that to secure—that is, to make safe—these

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rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. The thought is that the right to life includes the right to the security of one's person, of health, of the right to obtain a livelihood and of the security to character. The right to liberty and to the pursuit of happiness means the right to go, or to stay, unmolested—the right to enjoy family relations, the right to work, the right to engage in honest business, the right to innocent recreation, the right to freedom of opinion, to freely speak and write the truth, to freedom of worship, and to the right of property. In short, liberty means the enjoyment of these fundamental rights to their fullest extent, and government does not give these rights, and is not designed to grant them, but is merely an instrument to secure and to protect them. This thought is quite the opposite of the theory of the divine right of kings. It is the theory of democracy, where the highest law is not to be found in the grace or will of a monarch or in the will of any man.

Any democratic form of government to adequately secure these rights must necessarily be somewhat complicated. The simplest form of government is an absolute despotism. In a democratic government, simple forms will not suffice, for a democratic government in order to endure should provide some means for guarding the fundamental rights of people against invasion, not only by individuals but against invasion by the government

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itself. The primary complaint of our Revolutionary forefathers against the mother country was a complaint against the usurpation of rights by the British Parliament. The Crown had granted to the colonies charters, some of which recognized and some of which created popular assemblies, and the Americans denied the right of the English Parliament to legislate for them or to invade any of their fundamental rights. So, in the Declaration of Independence no address was made to Parliament, but address and complaints were made directly to the Crown.

As we have just said, democratic government must be more complicated than a despotism or an absolute monarchy, and so in our form of government, to protect against hasty action on the part of our government agencies, even in those fields that were given to governmental control, we introduced a system of checks and balances. For instance, the President, who is the head of the Executive Department, is the commander in chief of the army and navy, but in order that he may not arrogate unto himself monarchical powers, the right to declare war is vested in the Congress. In order that he may not become a despot as commander in chief of the army and navy, all power to raise revenue is reposed in the Congress, and in that Congress such measures must originate in the most popular branch thereof—the House of Representatives. Neither branch of Congress can pass a law without the con-

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currence of the other and of the President, in whose hands a veto power is placed; but in order that the veto power may not be abused, power is given the Congress to pass a bill over the President's veto. Next, there is our unique Judicial Department, headed by the Supreme Court. It is the only court in the world today, or in the world's history, that is in fact "supreme"—the only court that has the power to declare null and void an action of the Executive Department or an act of the Legislative Department; a power that it, itself, must exercise in accordance with the fundamental law of the land, as found in the Federal Constitution.

It is not our purpose to discuss the various powers of the Supreme Court. We will not detail the methods of enforcing the limitation of powers placed upon political government or in settling the conflicting claims of states. We will not discuss its great appellate jurisdiction, nor will we enter into an analysis of its very important original jurisdiction. The point to which we wish to direct attention is generally to its function as the defender and expounder of the Constitution. Its position in this regard, and in regulating the dual sovereignty over the same territory of Federal and of State governments, are the two most unusual features in American political institutions.

Our Constitution fixes and limits the powers of the Federal Government. Subservient to the limitations of the Constitution in certain spheres the

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Federal Government is supreme, and in other fields the state governments are supreme. The Constitution provides for certain forms of government, but in addition to this it guarantees to individuals their fundamental rights and makes the Supreme Court the arbiter and protector of those rights, whether they are invaded by other individuals, by a class of individuals, by a state government, by a federal congress, by the President of the United States, or by anybody or any power. Those fundamental rights, briefly expressed in our Declaration of Independence as the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, form the bulwarks of our liberty, and if an American should be asked to give one sound reason why the boasted liberty of the United States is superior to that claimed for any other government, he can very confidently answer that it is because the guarantee of fundamental individual rights is found in a written instrument whose basis is popular sovereignty—an instrument that secures those rights against all violation, even against violation by government itself, and that the power to guard and interpret those rights is placed in a court that is in fact supreme—a court that controls the conduct of all other branches of government and that is designed forever zealously and impartially to protect the security of those rights against any aggression whatsoever.

Now, how does it come about that the Supreme Court is the guardian of the fundamental rights of

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individuals? Does the Constitution anywhere say that the Supreme Court shall guard the rights of individuals to life, to liberty, the right to the pursuit of happiness, and all that this means? It does not; but the Constitution first guarantees certain fundamental rights. For instance, it provides that Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. It guarantees freedom of speech. It guarantees the right of people peaceably to assemble; the right to petition the government for redress of grievances, and the security of people in their persons and in their houses, papers and effects against unreasonable search and seizure. It guarantees trial by jury, also that no person shall in a criminal case be compelled to be a witness against himself, that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law, and that private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation. It guarantees these and many other rights specifically in the Bill of Rights, as the first ten amendments are commonly called by Americans, and by implication originally and now it guarantees these and all of the fundamental rights. By its Sixth Article, the Constitution is made the supreme law of the land, and it is the law of the land as far as inherent rights are concerned, in the same sense in which that term was used in the Magna Charta. By Article Three of the Constitution the judicial power of the United States is

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vested in the Supreme Court and in such inferior courts as Congress may establish; the Supreme Court in administering the law must interpret it in the light of the Constitution, which places the fundamental rights of individuals above the power of the Legislative Department to take away, above the power of the Executive Department to invade, and above all power except that of the people themselves, who can limit or abandon their rights only through amending the Constitution.

The thought found in these institutions goes far beyond that embodied in any other government on earth. The English government never went so far. Under the English system of government the Parliament, or legislature, is supreme; the Judicial Department is only a subservient branch of government,—having no power to declare any law unconstitutional, no matter how seriously it may invade the fundamental rights of individuals. Parliament is the supreme power. It can repeal any law. It can repeal Magna Charta itself, or the Act of Settlement, or any of the governmental acts designed to secure to English citizens their fundamental rights. Under our government no such power resides in the legislature or in the executives or in the courts. We have rights above government, rights that run with the land, rights that exist because people are born with them.

The experience of our Revolutionary forefathers taught them that representative government as then

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existing in the world could not always be depended upon to secure to human beings their fundamental rights, so in founding our government they not only devised a system of checks and balances to prevent the lodgement of too great power in one man or in any one group of men, but they placed our fundamental rights in theory and in fact above the power of government to invade. To interpret and secure those rights they established a court that is in fact supreme. Having thus created for the first time in the world's history a really popular government where the source of rights is in the people themselves, and in them because they are born with those rights, and are retained by them as against the government which they established, we took another step and protected ourselves against hasty or ill-considered action by making it impossible to curtail any of these fundamental rights even in exercising our power as sovereigns over ourselves, except it be done through the machinery that the Constitution provides for amending the fundamental law. So, of the unique and beneficial American institutions designed to give to men the full enjoyment of those rights which are theirs by reason of their birth, our Supreme Court stands as a powerful instrument designed to protect them through its function as the defender of the Constitution.

